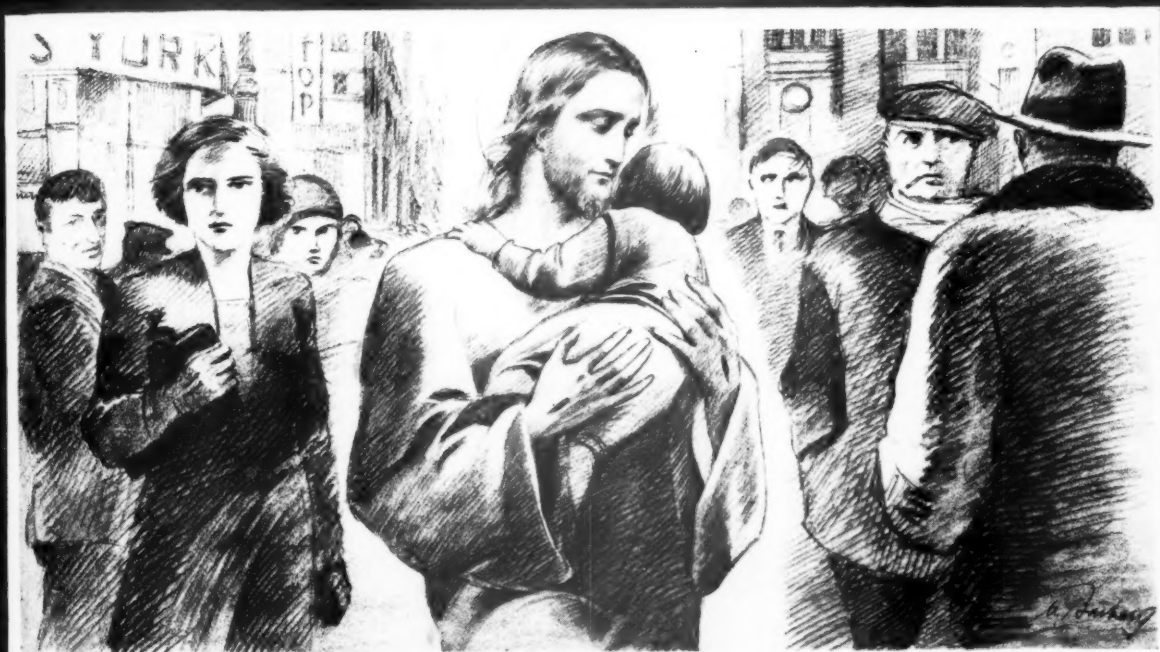


The SIGN



National Catholic Magazine



Message From Home
Our National Defense Needs
Inside Washington
Babes in the Hollywood
Light on Spain

January 1941

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Cover Drawing "Christ Among the People" by *Mario Barberis*

Message from HUNAN

DEAR PATRONS OF THE SIGN:

I am happy to have this opportunity, graciously offered by the Editors of THE SIGN, to extend to each and all of you my heartfelt greetings for a joyous Christmas, and for a New Year filled with an abundance of God's choicest graces. May the benignant smile of the Infant Saviour be your stay and comfort throughout all the days of the coming year.

At the same time I should like to convey my sincerest thanks to all who have so splendidly responded to the several appeals made in the pages of THE SIGN on behalf of the Passionists in China, during the course of the past year. It was by reason of your fine generosity that the Vicariate of Yüanling was able to carry on its apostolic work of preaching Christ's saving message to countless pagans, to support its catechumenates, schools, and hospitals, to succor thousands of stricken China's hapless population.

You have already learned from the letters of the missionaries which have appeared in THE SIGN how the frontiers of the Church have been pushed forward, and how your benefactions have brought encouragement and support to the weary war refugee, the pitiful bomb victim, the shelterless fire victim, the forlorn widow, and hope-blighted orphan. The spontaneity of your giving has been both inspiration and consolation to the missionaries and Sisters who are laboring tirelessly and selflessly against well-nigh overwhelming odds. They join me in a spirit of deep appreciation for your truly catholic charity.

It is a sublime work, this, that you are helping us to do—work nearest to the heart of Christ, work that shall be the ultimate test when we stand for judgment—visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked. "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren," Christ said, "you did it to Me." On these lowly offices does eternity depend; the part that you now have with us in succoring the poor and homeless of Christ, is for you a guarantee, infallible and divine, that you shall one day have the ecstatic joy of hearing from the Saviour's lips the beneficent, irrevocable decree: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Nor may I let this occasion pass without expressing my lasting gratitude for the many messages of congratulation by cable and letter which I received at the time of my Silver Jubilee of ordination to the Holy Priesthood. These tokens of your confidence and esteem are valued beyond price. As far as the stress of circumstances in a war-torn land permitted, I have answered these treasured messages. However, during such turbulent times as we are at present experiencing in China, much mail is bound to go astray; hence if I have not acknowledged your greetings, I do so now and assure you that your kind sentiments

in my regard are reciprocated from the depths of my heart.

The year 1940 has been a tragic one in the annals of our Vicariate. Misfortunes have multiplied, bombings have followed upon bombings, until once prosperous cities have become open wastes of rubble, their populations reduced to abject beggary. Our Chihkiang Mission is in ruins; that of Chenki is so badly shaken that ultimately it must be torn down; the Yüanling central mission, several times straddled by bombs, is now seriously endangered. Priests and Sisters must spend long hours in the open country, during interminable air-raid alarms. It is heartbreaking, of course, to see the work of years thus wantonly destroyed; to see so much devoted labor, expended by the Fathers and Sisters in building up these structures, so ruthlessly nullified; to see the financial sacrifices of benefactors at home perish in merciless bombardments; yet, it is an immense consolation that despite the rain of bombs, all our personnel have thus far escaped unharmed. Your unfailing prayers have been for us as a shield of brass against encircling perils.

While our material losses have indeed been great, our congregations still remain, and the work goes on and multiplies. Only recently it was my happy privilege to bless solemnly a new church in one part of our Vicariate, while Missions were being bombed in another. Baptism and Confirmation classes increase. The Church, not built with hands, thanks to God's plentiful grace continues to grow, and that is our sure and abiding solace.

Would that I could end this brief letter with the comforting assurance that clouds are breaking, and that the coming year will be less ominous for us; but, as I write, the sky grows hourly darker, for still other nations are approaching the brink of the cataclysm. Even now in parts of China, heartbroken missionaries are preparing reluctantly to leave their beloved fields of labor. We in unoccupied China will not likely have to make that tragic decision; but our position, nonetheless, becomes more straitened and perilous day by day.

Wherefore, in my own name, and in the name of the Fathers and Sisters sharing with me in the rare privilege of laboring on the exposed and hazardous frontiers of Christ's Kingdom, I most earnestly beg that you let your prayers rise like a fountain night and day, for us and for our flocks.

Cordially yours in Christ,

+Cuthbert M. Kara, S.J.

Vicar Apostolic of Yüanling.

EDITORIAL

CATHOLICS AND PAN-AMERICA



CONSIDERABLE improvement has been made in recent years in our relations with the other countries of this Hemisphere through the Good-Neighbor policy, but much remains to be done.

Many of the impediments to a better understanding between ourselves and Latin Americans are due to ignorance. Understanding must be based on knowledge. Many Americans have been accustomed to refer contemptuously to the countries to the south of us as the "banana republics." We have acquired the habit of thinking of them as lands of jungle and fever, of revolutions and of barefoot peons. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to lump them together in one homogeneous group. They differ from one another in race, language, and political ideologies. There are great diversities of social and economic conditions. There are Negroes, Indians, and peons, but there are also highly cultured classes who look for their intellectual inspiration to the great European capitals.

Another source of misunderstanding is religious bigotry—inherited or acquired. For years England was the great Protestant protagonist and Spain the Catholic. The United States is, at least to a large extent, Anglo-Saxon and Protestant. As a result, our thought has been cast in the mold of English Protestant hatred of everything Spanish and Catholic.

Needless to say, the ignorance that produces misunderstanding is not all on one side. Latin Americans have misconceptions concerning us. Many of them know us only through our moving pictures, and they have not been a great help toward friendship. Others know us only through our past, and that has given them little reason to love us. They remember that it was President Theodore Roosevelt who said boastfully, "I took the Canal Zone." They remember that we took Texas, New Mexico, and California from Mexico, and Cuba from Spain. They remember that on many occasions American bayonets backed American business interests in the weaker countries to the south. The result is that many of them think that our Good-Neighbor policy is a cloak to hide our "Yankee Imperialism." They doubt the sincerity and permanence of Uncle Sam's conversion.

These obstacles to the promotion of friendly cooperation between the countries of this Hemisphere are great but by no means insurmountable. Now, if ever, is the time to overcome them. Mutual interests are throwing us together. We are faced by a common

danger, and a threat to one is a threat to all. We have many differences but they are unimportant. We have much more in common, and those things which we have in common strike their roots deep into our very souls. Now we have the golden opportunity to build a bloc of nations, each free and independent, but all working together to weld this Hemisphere into a single unit to ward off aggression and to preserve our rights as men and Christians.

In the accomplishment of this task we American Catholics should play an important role. The vast majority of the peoples of Central and South America are Catholics. While we should never permit our religion to be used as a pawn for political or commercial purposes, we can and should use it to forge a bond of understanding and friendship between the United States and the Latin-American countries.

SAD to relate, we Catholics have had little influence in inter-American affairs. United States representatives in countries to the south as well as our government officials who deal with Latin-American affairs are usually non-Catholics who have no appreciation of the cultural and religious backgrounds of the people.

This is not altogether the fault of the government. Catholics have been woefully lacking in a knowledge of Latin-American relations. Writing in *THE SIGN* recently, an author made the assertion—and we haven't seen it contradicted—that there are not more than half a dozen Catholics in the United States who could be quoted as authorities on this important subject. If the government sought Catholics equipped with sufficient knowledge of Latin-American affairs to be of use to the State and Commerce Departments it would be difficult if not impossible to find them.

We American Catholics are known for the energy with which we devote ourselves to the work at hand. We have a part to perform in the promotion of inter-American good will in which success will redound to the benefit of both Church and country. We hope that the day is not far off when we shall be ready to accept the challenge which this task offers to both our Faith and our patriotism.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

THE infant 1941 makes its bow to history. It is a strange world that the youngster faces: war on three continents; the star of Nazism bright in the sky; France, Belgium,

The New Year

Holland, and other European nations lying in defeat. Over all the so-called civilized world war has cast its blight, and fear and apprehension greet the dawn of a new year. The year 1940 will go down as a crucial period in history. The inheritance it has left to its successor is indeed a doleful one.

However, the darker the night, the more brilliant will light seem against it. In this dark world of ours there is much to cause joy in the New Year. The trials and tribulations of war are bringing out the finest side of human nature. Acts of heroism, unselfishness, thoughtfulness, and charity are by no means rare. On a higher plane, people are beginning to think seriously about God and things that pertain to the soul. It is in trying times like these that we humans seek a stronger anchor and greater hope than mere material things can provide. The resurgence of the spirit of religion daily becomes more remarkable.

As we stand on the threshold of the New Year we wish to express to you, our readers and friends, our deep appreciation for your loyal and generous support during 1940. It is because of your wholehearted co-operation that our Missions in China have been able to carry on even in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. We take this occasion to ask that you continue this generous spirit in the year to come. In thus sharing the work of spreading the Gospel of Christ in far-off China, you will draw down upon yourselves the blessings and graces of God.

SECRETARY of the Treasury Morgenthau will ask the new Congress for power to issue taxable bonds. On the occasion of announcing this decision, the Secretary made some very sensible and pointed observations. He

Conscription of Money

pointed out that the removal of tax exemptions on government bonds would enlist all others, along with the boys in conscription camps, in defending their country. He added, "A man who owns a million dollars in government securities can go down to Palm Beach and spend the winter without helping to pay for national defense."

This new proposal to do away with tax exempt bonds is a step in the right direction. It never did seem fair to conscript the real wealth of our country, our young men, and leave the financier comfortable in his swivel chair cutting coupons from tax exempt bonds.

The Secretary might justly go a step further and ask the new Congress to make this measure retroactive. He should ask power to put an end to all tax exempt bonds. At a time when the whole country is expected to do its utmost to co-operate in national defense, it would seem that the government bond holders might well surrender tax exemption from all their holdings. This measure is not advocated in a spirit of "soak the rich," but rather in a spirit of impartiality, to give the bond owners a share in the defense program.

MODERN warfare is a war of machines, as Senator Walsh, Chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, explains clearly in his article on P. 327. A national

Labor and the National Defense

defense program, then, depends on the production of machines of war, and the production of machines of war depends on harmonious relations between management and labor. Interruption of industrial output necessary for defense may not be sabotage, but it has exactly the same effect.

Labor has been a long time, and has gone through a great deal, in securing the rights and privileges it enjoys today. Labor leaders know better than the rest of us the hard uphill fight it has had in order to have these rights enacted into legislation. This emergency is a critical period for labor, and only time will tell whether it will be able to come through unscathed. At present, industry functions under the menace of government operation, wealth is faced with an ever-increasing threat of conscription, man power is being drafted into the armed forces. Labor alone acts as volunteer. It will continue in this role only as long as it proves itself worthy.

American public opinion is well aware of the urgency of our defense needs, and it isn't going to have patience with anything that slows up the production of war machines. Strikes, such as those which occurred at the Vultee aircraft factory in California and in the aluminum industry, cause dangerous delays in the production of essential defense material. Such strikes are bound to provoke restrictive legislation and, wherever the right or wrong, will jeopardize some of labor's hard-won gains. Government long ago abandoned a *laissez-faire* attitude toward the relations between industry and labor; it may decide that it has to abandon that attitude toward the relations between industry and labor on the one hand and government on the other, in matters that pertain to defense. The natural outcome would be iron-bound legislation calling for compulsory arbitration, with the establishment of a National War Labor Board such as the one which operated during

the World War. Neither labor nor management wants such a board, but they will get it if they do not work out some method of voluntary arbitration for the settling of disputes. Some labor leaders have made proposals for the institution of boards of arbitration. In this they are acting for the common good.

In the present defense emergency, organized labor is on trial before the bar of public opinion. Its friends are anxious that it should acquit itself creditably of its

Labor, Too, Must Sacrifice

extremely important part and come through this period without loss of any of its rights. The failure of the French trade unions at a critical moment in the history of France has given the enemies of labor the excuse they were looking for to demand legislation restricting the rights of unions. They will succeed in obtaining it if labor leaders do not act prudently.

The American public is going to get worried if certain labor leaders have their way in opposing the granting of defense contracts to companies that are accused of violating the Wagner Act. Some of these companies are among the largest, best-equipped, and most efficient in the country. If they are not permitted to work on these contracts it will delay and disrupt the entire defense program. Furthermore, it will have the effect of throwing the workers in the plants out of a job. The Wagner Act carries its own penalties, and these can be invoked without disrupting the defense program. Once American public opinion is convinced that organized labor prefers its own gains to national safety, it is going to be too bad for the unions.

Furthermore, if the defense program is going to succeed, we are all going to be called on to make sacrifices. Labor will have to make them in the matter of working hours. Along certain lines there is a shortage of skilled labor, and it would be a serious mistake for unions to hold obstinately and in all cases to the forty-hour week. Speaking at the Congress of American Industry recently, Colonel Philip Fleming, Administrator of the Wage-Hour Division of the Department of Labor, gave an example of muddled thinking on this subject when he said, "the enforcement of the forty-hour week is one of the most important assignments a soldier could have in the defense of his country." William S. Knudsen, who knows something about defense production, told the same group: "Friday night has become the big night in most of our industrial picture. It used to be Saturday night—we have cut 20 per cent off our machine time. Can we afford to do this? Can't we stop this blackout, this lack of production from Friday to Monday, and get more out of the equipment?"

It should be remembered, however, that we have some industrialists and financiers who are not above taking advantage of the present situation in order to make profit out of labor's sweat and then to cry sabotage when labor strikes against unjust conditions. If democratic institutions are to live and function in this country, both industry and labor must have the moral stamina to make sacrifices for the common good, and to concentrate their attention on their tasks rather than on their gains.

ONE of the great tragedies of our times is the degradation of family life. Churchmen, sociologists, and statesmen are rightfully alarmed about conditions in

Family Communion Breakfast

American homes. It has been an accepted fact that the well-being of any society is in direct proportion to the well-being of the family—the fundamental cornerstone of society. As long as the home is guided and ruled by the sound teachings of Christian morality, as long as the basic principle of the sanctity of the home is safeguarded, then so long will society prosper and thrive. Every means possible must be used to combat the evil influences that seek to destroy family life in America.

To counteract these influences we should emphasize the Catholic ideals of home. The greatest asset to a real Catholic home is the spirit of the Divine Master, and this is obtainable only at the altar rail. With this thought in mind, a leading Passionist Missionary has been advocating the Family Communion Breakfast. In such varied places as Holyoke, Mass., Elmira, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y., Prince Edward Island and Toronto in Canada, the response has been so enthusiastic and the results so fruitful that we feel the Family Communion Breakfast should be a national affair.

Among the Bishops who have approved and encouraged this beautiful practice are Their Excellencies, Bishop Kearney of Rochester, Bishop Eustace of Camden, Bishop Leech of Harrisburg, Bishop O'Hara of Savannah-Atlanta, and Bishop Foery of Syracuse. In the diocese of Rochester last year on the Feast of the Holy Family, the Bishop asked his people to receive Holy Communion in family units. The response was so great that the priests of the diocese stated that never had the people approached the altar rail in such numbers. The Bishop in his letter suggested that the families have breakfast in a hotel or restaurant to "give Mother a break," and the response was so great that hotels and restaurants ran out of food.

January 12 is the Feast of the Holy Family. What a magnificent thing it would be if every family approached the Holy Table on that morning to receive the Lord of All and bring Him back to every Catholic home! And afterward to gather together for a Family Communion Breakfast either at home or in some eating place. We heartily endorse and encourage this practice, and hope and pray that the coming Feast of the Holy Family will find every Catholic family a Holy Family—because every Catholic family will on that day have God in their midst.

MANY of our legislatures, including the national, give the impression of a boy on a spending spree. The facility with which they vote extravagant appropriations is positively amazing.

Legislative Extravagance

If the individual members were as prodigal with personal checks, we would have very few wealthy law makers. If we may judge from their manner of living, none of them is in danger of being a public charge.

This notion of public extravagance is crystallized by a few apposite acts recently reported in the papers. Out in Antioch, California, the City Council rejected

expense accounts of the Mayor, city clerk, and city attorney on the unusual grounds that they were too low. Only in America could such a paradoxical thing happen.

The other event that emphasizes the usual free handling of state money was reported in the *New York Times*: The New Jersey Legislature appropriated \$2,500 for the inauguration of the new Governor, Charles A. Edison. Mr. Edison is rather an anomaly in public life. It might be said that he is not a politician's politician. When told of the appropriation, Mr. Edison was amazed. He is quoted as saying, "I don't know how to make the ceremonies any simpler than I have planned. I'll walk from the State House to the War Memorial Building, listen to the invocation, take the oath, accept the State seal, and deliver my inaugural address. Then there will be an informal reception in the executive office. That is all there will be to it." Like many private citizens, Mr. Edison can't understand why that should cost \$2,500.

These two instances are healthy signs. Maybe the country will be fortunate enough to select more men of this type for public office. It would be a boon to any locality to obtain public officials who carry out their duties with the same exactness and diligence that they give to their private affairs.

FRANCE, prostrate under the heel of the invader, is struggling to free herself from the evil influences that were the causes of her fatal weakness. One of the chief

France's Road to Recovery

among these was the irreligious and anti-religious character of her government and educational system. Happily, steps are being taken to purge this poison which for decades has been sapping the strength of French national character.

The *Tablet* of London quotes a pastoral letter of Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, on recent changes in France's religious policy. The Archbishop writes: "To fight materialism, the mischief of which has been confirmed by recent events, spiritual forces are needed—the forces of Christianity. The Catholic Church has no wish for privileges or monopolies, but asks equal justice and liberty for all. She wishes to serve the country by preparing the best possible citizens for France. The public school must have respect for the soul of the child. The free (Catholic) school should be put at the disposal of Christian families."

The pastoral letter refers to the following changes made by the Pétain Government:

- (1). The laws of 1901 and 1904, whereby religious of both sexes were forbidden to teach, have been rescinded, and the Grenoble Grande Chartreuse has been restored to the Carthusians.
- (2). Secret societies have been suppressed.
- (3). A new charter of labor has been published, whereby workers' organizations will be under State supervision, and wages are to be governed by the size of families.
- (4). Alcoholism is declared to be among the evils which destroy a nation, and rigid regulation has been set up. The number of "bistros" and bars is to be greatly reduced.
- (5). Divorce will be made more difficult.

(6). The primary schools, officially the State schools, heretofore were under the control of committees which were influenced by local politicians, many of them under domination of the Grand Orient, Communism, and Atheism. The Minister for Education, Miraux, has suppressed those committees, and has declared that all politics will be barred from the school system. The free (Catholic) schools are to be on the same footing with the official schools, and will draw the same subsidies. Text books are being re-written under the personal supervision of Marshal Pétain. Some of those previously in use had been denounced by the Catholic Hierarchy, as containing anti-religious propaganda.

These changes have displeased the Nazis. Quoting from a French newspaper under German influence, a radio announcer complained: "The Jesuits are coming back . . . The monk's habit in the school, the leaders of conscience on the one-way basis, will develop a youth which, with pious brains, will reason like Jesuits. We respect sincere religious sentiment, but we have always fought against the Church meddling in the State. So we expect no good to come from the return of education in cowls."

THE official figures for the 1940 census show a population total of 131,490,881 in continental United States. This represents an increase of 8,634,835, or

The Census of 1940

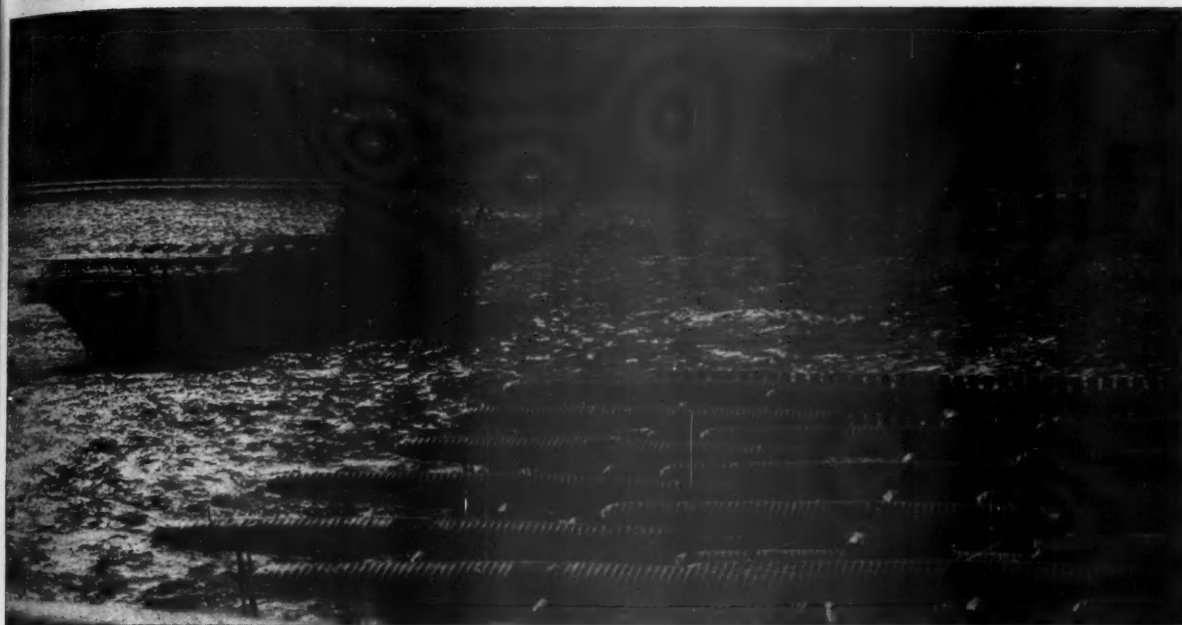
only 7 per cent, over the 1930 total of 122,775,046, as compared with an increase of 16.1 per cent between 1920 and 1930. These are inter-

esting and alarming facts. To the student of population trends these facts pose several pregnant problems.

It is evident that if the present trend of population continues, our country will be faced with a stationary or even declining population within the next fifty years. The Census Bureau points out that for the first time in our history the number of emigrants was greater than the number of immigrants. During the period from April 1, 1930 to April 1, 1940 the number of emigrants exceeded the number of immigrants by 46,518. However, this is only one of the reasons for the small increase in population.

Some pertinent facts may be cited from the United States Bureau of Census. In 1900 there were 83,787 divorced males and 113,770 divorced females in the United States. In 1930 there were 483,786 divorced men and 566,492 divorced women. The birth rate dropped from 25.1 per cent per 1,000 population in 1915 to 17.6 per cent in 1938.

Even more alarming are the figures on abortion in the United States. According to "Abortion in Relation to Fetal and Maternal Welfare," prepared for the White House Conference by a committee of which Dr. Hugo Ehrenfest was chairman, the number of abortions performed in the United States each year has reached the astounding total of 700,000. The obvious conclusion is that normal family life in America is rapidly becoming an unknown quantity. The population decline will continue each year more rapidly until the Catholic and Christian ideals of home, and principles of morality are restored to their rightful places.



Courtesy of U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau

Aircraft carriers Saratoga and Lexington as seen from the deck of the Ranger

Our National Defense Needs

By SENATOR DAVID I. WALSH

WORLD conditions make it imperative that we support a program of national defense—one that not only embraces the formulation of plans to preserve our own strict neutrality, but also one that provides for the enactment of statutes to eliminate profiteering, and, most important of all, furthers the strengthening of our national defense—on land, at sea, and in the air.

Our Navy is necessarily our first line of defense and, if impregnable, our complete defense, because by the circumstances of our geographical position any attack must come by way of the seas. In the event of war we must have a Navy and air force ready to withstand attacks immediately—ready at the very hour war is declared to repel attempts at an invasion.

In urging adequate national defense we must deal with realities rather than with theories. That is what the public expects and demands. As Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the United States Senate, I am firmly convinced that the realities of today admit of only one construction, namely, that

hand in hand with a strong policy of neutrality, an adequate national defense is the best and perhaps the only assurance of peace.

Let me present now, not only my own ideas, but also those that have been expressed to me as Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee by naval and other experts in the field of national defense.

First, let me emphasize that America does not maintain a strong military defense for the purpose of aggression. No real American advocates or urges building up our military establishments with any desire or ambition on the part of our nation to pursue a policy of aggression or conquest toward any country. Our sole objective has been to create a powerful military defense as an insurance against attack—against invasion. Unfortunately, not until recently did our people begin to realize that the situation throughout the world justifies the building of military defenses strong enough to deter any power or combination of powers from attacking us.

Let us assume now, and I am applying the knowledge that has come

to me from government experts, that some hostile nation or group of nations declares war upon us. It is obvious that a potential enemy can invade us only by crossing the Atlantic or the Pacific Oceans. Many real experts believe that it is physically impossible to invade this country because of the thousands of miles of sea on each side of us. They also take into consideration the inability—withstanding the rapid advances in aircraft—of naval vessels or airplanes to reach this continent because of the necessity of operating at a distance from their bases in Europe and Asia.

Assuming, however, that an attempt at invasion is made, it would have to be by the use of a naval force. Troops could be successfully landed on our shores only by first destroying or evading our powerful naval fleet. This is the reason our Navy is considered and generally spoken of as our first line of defense. It must meet and destroy any enemy approaching by sea. Our naval fleet must be of such strength and power that it will not be obliged to wait until the enemy reaches our shores, but will be able to go out to sea,

meet the hostile naval fleet, and destroy it. We already have a Navy of recognized power and strength, but the naval program we have mapped out will provide us with a Navy superior to any in the world.

Our Navy must possess not only the most impregnable type of naval vessel that can be produced, but also must have a trained personnel second to none. Wars are not won by steel and ammunition alone. In the last analysis, man power wins battles. Personal contact has convinced me that there is no group of naval officers or enlisted men in the world superior to ours in courage, in knowledge of naval warfare, and in devotion to and pride in the Navy.

But in the event that our Navy should fail, what is our next line of defense? It is our air force—the airplanes of the Army and the Navy combined. This *second* line of defense will not be impenetrable unless we have planes of every known combatant type, manned by skilled, experienced pilots. Our air power must be prepared to meet and crush effectively any military forces that may attempt to reach our shores through the air. Our second line of defense, our air force, is therefore equal to the Navy in importance. Up to the present we have been woefully deficient in numbers and types of planes. Frankness compels me to state that we are far from strong. Much, very much, must be done in this particular defense line. We have embarked on an extensive program, however, calling for aircraft construction on a large scale.

What if we should meet with failure in our efforts to control the sea and air? In that case we would depend on our *third* important line of defense, consisting of anti-aircraft guns, coast artillery, and the trained personnel to man them. With all these it is possible to seal up our ports against any invader. We are moving rapidly in this direction, though here, too, there is a tremendous task ahead.

If these defenses are impregnable, our safety and our security are assured. No country or combination of countries can successfully attack us. This is why naval and other experts have always maintained that all our country needs is a relatively small regular Army, providing that other means of defense are capable of holding back an approaching enemy.

Suppose, however, that the forces of a hostile nation should penetrate our Navy, air forces, and coastal defenses, and attempt to land troops. At this point we turn to the *fourth* line of our defense, which is composed of the armored divisions of the regular Army—the motorized and mechanized units trained to operate the most modern type of hellish war engines produced by science.

To impress upon Congress the importance of speedy action in building our mechanized defenses, I introduced in the Senate on August 23 last, a resolution which at once was unanimously adopted, asking for the following information:

1. How many combatant planes have we on hand and on order? When will the latter be ready?
2. How many trained pilots and mechanics have we in active service?
3. How many useful tanks have we and of what type? How many other armored vehicles?
4. How many officers and experts have we qualified and trained to maintain tanks and vehicles?
5. How many of these men, vehicles, and planes does the War Department think we need to provide an "airplane plus tank spearhead"?

A few weeks later the Army report was submitted. For obvious reasons it is a secret document, but the conclusions I have expressed are based on its contents.

WILL a conscript Army contribute to these necessary and primary military defenses?

Service in our armored divisions cannot be performed by "transient mobile personnel." It must be performed by men who volunteer to enter this difficult service, and who are well paid, for it is a highly dangerous, extremely technical, and most adventurous job. Will a year's training of men give us the permanent air corps and anti-aircraft units that we need? This question could best be answered by another. Do you know of any private concern that changes the operators of its machines each year?

I want now to call your attention to our *fifth* or last line of defense—our "foot soldiers." Events in the European war have again and again illustrated that without other powerful defenses infantry alone is no defense. It is for this reason that experts have repeatedly testified that

this country does not need a large standing Army in time of peace. It does, however, need anti-aircraft guns and mechanized units in large numbers, as well as men who are trained to the highest degree.

If the present European war has proved anything, it has established the fact that the nations which have depended on huge masses of troops, with insufficient equipment, have lacked the offensive spirit necessary to win battles, especially against air attacks and tanks.

Many experts believe that if we trust our safety on land to troops with little training and poor equipment, we are likely to gain a false sense of security, similar to that held in France before the German invasion. Only by the development of an armored spearhead shall we be able to perfect the technique and spirit of the best kind of defense—a fast-moving, hard-hitting offensive against any enemy who may land in our Hemisphere.

All experts are in agreement that the necessary foot soldiers can be assembled and trained with comparative ease in a few months' time. There is absolutely no question about the patriotic spirit of American youth who will come to the country's defense whenever we are threatened. Pilots, mechanics, and other specialists, however, stand in a position that is very different from that of our foot soldiers.

Thus, briefly, I have mapped out the defense systems which I have been authoritatively told our country needs. From what our Army experts have declared, we should concentrate on building up without delay our air force, anti-aircraft units, and armored divisions. The rapid German victories of the last year took the whole world by surprise. Military men of all nations had been in the habit of thinking in terms of the last war—of trench warfare, in which the rifle, the machine gun, and the artillery ruled the battlefield.

In modern war, however, one break-through means victory. Only by the possession of armored divisions and overwhelming air power is it possible for a country to be safe on the battlefield today. It is only with a powerful Navy and air force, together with a highly mechanized and fully trained Army, that America can be secure in the world in which we live today.

Inside Washington

By JOSEPH F. THORNING



Harrie & Ewing Photo

As CONGRESS convenes for another critical session, its members are thinking primarily in terms of foreign policy and national defense. Since the latter is a reflex of the former, it is natural that the question of potential allies and possible enemies is in the foreground of everyone's attention.

In this respect, there is a tremendous difference between the outlook now and the prospects that faced the President and his advisers in January 1940. One year ago, the focus of attention was the Maginot Line and Soviet Russia's invasion of Finland. Today Europe is only one cockpit in a three-ring gladiatorial contest. Members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee are just as much concerned about Hongkong and the Burma Road as they are about Birmingham and Salonika. Congressmen have discovered a new continent, Asia, while their interest in Hawaii has shifted from Shangri-La, home of Doris Duke, to Pearl Harbor, first line of defense against the Japanese Navy. The past twelve months have provided an intensive course in geography for the tribunes of the people. You can spot an atlas, or a terrestrial globe, in the office of every Representative.

The most fascinating sidelight on this sudden expansion of the Washington horizon is the series of conferences held between His Excellency, Constantine Oumansky, Ambassador of the Union of Socialist

and Soviet Republics, and the Hon. Sumner Welles, the U. S. Assistant Secretary of State. There has been nothing surreptitious or secret about the meetings of these two diplomats. Comrade Oumansky uses the front door of the State Department on Pennsylvania Avenue, while newsmen are accorded a full account of "the conversations which have been carried on in an atmosphere of the most cordial understanding." The impression obviously intended was that in this case the public may expect "open covenants, openly arrived at."

The sole tangible result of these consultations, however, has been permission for the United States to open a consulate at the important port of Vladivostok, one of the railheads of the trans-Siberian route. This move was explained as an attempt to supply the State Department with a valuable "listening-post" in Soviet Asia, close enough to Japan to convey a gentle hint to the

soldier-statesmen of the Island Empire.

What do responsible authorities in the capital actually think about the advantages or disadvantages of a tie-up with the Kremlin? The answer was given to me by one of the best-informed men in the Government. This gentleman smilingly explained: "The whole show is designed to scare the little brown brothers in Tokyo. The Nipponese are as smart as the Germans; they don't want to fight on two fronts. In Washington we can

trade on that fear. Diplomacy is hardly an exact science; it is rather the art of the possible.

"It is just barely possible that the Japanese warlords, impervious to any other arguments, will heed the warning inherent in a U. S.-Soviet understanding. But remember this is a matter of strategy, not tactics. No one expects Josef Stalin to declare war on Japan or on any other power, unless he has an overwhelming superiority in guns and equipment. Without running the least risk, he can order his Ambassador in Washington to hold talks with American officials every time that he wants to raise the ante in the Far East. Our U. S. diplomats are aware of the poker game analogy. Nor do they anticipate that Stalin, the Marxist, will go through the forms of marriage with American capitalism. For both sides, the elaborate window-dressing represents the triumph of hope over experience."



Official Photograph U. S. Army Air Corps
Formation of United States Army airplanes during war maneuvers

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None of these gentlemen were reassured by the declaration of the Japanese Foreign Minister, Yosuke Matsuoka, to the effect that the Axis partners could not expect automatic armed aid in case of a conflict with America. In short, the conviction is growing on Capitol Hill that every decision in foreign affairs, every move on the international checkerboard is pushing the United States into the center of the maelstrom. No one imagines that it will be a one-ocean war!

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"In the last thirty days, we have recommended loans to nations in both Hemispheres. The sums involved run into millions of dollars. The Treasury is geared to finance armies on every continent and navies on every sea. The machinery for the conscription of wealth has been prepared. Liberty bonds and thrift cards

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The only fly in the amber, from the standpoint of those who are eager to see the United States participate in the war, is the reluctance of British officials to permit the establishment of American naval and air bases at reasonably effective points in Trinidad and Bermuda. The matter will probably be adjusted by the time these pages appear in print, but the impression created by this disagreement was not a happy one. Several remarked that the "Yankee horse traders had again delivered the horses (the fifty overage destroyers) before the collateral (definite sites for bases) had been handed over." It is likely that even the members of executive departments of the government (as well as the legislative representatives) will want to get their hands on some tangible assets in the next "Louisiana Purchase." The archives of the Congressional Library in Washington disclose that Thomas Jefferson, in negotiating for the vast territory between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, was lawyer enough to get title to the land in fee simple.

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Lack of military essentials is the principal obstacle to plans. The Army, it is acknowledged, lacks not only arms and ammunition, but also housing facilities and all items of equipment down to boot laces. Furthermore, the organization required to induct draftees and Guardsmen into the service must be perfected. Competent officers are in demand. The 20,000 additional reserve officers destined to train and organize the new Army will themselves require further discipline and instruction.

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ber of men under arms will likewise assume enormous proportions in the immediate future. Work on new proving grounds for tanks, guns, and other Army equipment is already under way in the Middle West. This will supplement the important testing of shells and artillery at Aberdeen, Maryland. Fresh camps and airports for military aviation are likewise in process of formation in

lington, Iowa, and Union Center, Indiana. In these cases, obviously, quantitative production will be out of the question until late in 1941. This is a matter of grave concern to key men on the Defense Commission.

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Former Ambassador to England Joseph P. Kennedy with Army and Navy attachés

every section of the country. The next six months, therefore, are regarded in the capital as a transition phase of supreme importance. For the Army as a whole, it may be reported, that "the spectacle of thousands of acres of canvas tents and partly completed wooden barracks, and the sight everywhere of men drilling and overcrowded classrooms, attest that mobilization of the nation's land forces is still in a preliminary stage."

A clue to the state of munition manufacture may be seen in the announcement that the first contract for the construction and equipment of a small-arms ammunition plant, at a cost of seventy-three million dollars, has just been awarded to the Remington Arms Company. Funds for the rehabilitation of a nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, have been transferred from the Army to the Tennessee Valley Authority, while new contracts are being arranged for the large-scale production of ammonia, a basic element for high explosives. Additional shell-loading plants have been allocated to Bur-

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The unspoken fear of officials responsible for this work is that there may be a repetition in one form or another of the 1917-18 U. S. experience with the much-touted Liberty motors which were manufactured like hot-cakes, only to be discovered, under actual war conditions, as valuable as tombstones for the fliers. The engineers feel that they have to be right this time on the first trial. In this sense, the experience of the British and their co-operation with

American manufacturers are believed to be among the most precious assets of the national defense scheme. The British pilots and gunners are transmitting the day-to-day lessons of air war by direct wire to the War and Navy Departments in Washington.

By the lavish use of automobile factories to manufacture airplane parts, later to be assembled into finished units in new separate plants west of the Mississippi river, the War Department and the Defense Commission predict that a production rate of 40,000 planes will be reached early in 1942. Kansas City and Omaha are the sites of two of the plants destined to have a combined annual capacity of 2,400 medium two-motor bombers. Officials estimate that it requires at least fifteen months to bring assembly factories of this type to the point of mass production.

In the meantime, some anxiety is being expressed with respect to the sharply increased costs of construction in every line. Material prices have been hiked, in some cases, more than twenty-five per cent. Wage scales, naturally, reflect the rise in the cost of living. Labor leaders are demanding a juster share in the profit which accrue to the industrialists and builders. Dividends, prices, and salaries are engaged in the familiar pattern of an upward spiral, in exactly that one-two-three order! Washington representatives of both the A.F.L. and C.I.O. are prepared to voice the desire of the workers for a juicier slice of the melon which is maturing on the vine. It is generally recognized that, on the basis of co-operation, labor is in a better position to realize its opportunities than it was in 1917. At the same time, everyone knows that national unity presupposes labor unity. For this reason, particularly, Capital sentiment overwhelmingly favors prompt appointment of a vigorous, far-sighted chairman for the National Defense Commission. It is felt that some of the difficulties and delays manifested in the plans of both Army and Navy spring directly from the system of remote control now exercised by the President.

It is a patriotic hope and belief that, on or before January 1, 1941, the national defense co-ordinator will be at work "Inside Washington."

Light on Spain

By WILLIAM P. CARNEY



Spanish Foreign Minister Negrín and Count Ciano during the latter's visit to Spain

AS WAS to be expected, Italy's current military failures in Greece and Egypt have evoked derisive references to Guadalajara from those who tirelessly harp on their pet contention that the Italian just isn't born to be a soldier. It is doubtful, however, if many of these critics know that the same man—Count Ciano, the son-in-law whose faults Mussolini is said either to be unaware of or to ignore because of his devotion to daughter Edda—is principally to blame for the defeats in Greece and Guadalajara, irrespective of what may be the reasons for the reverses in North Africa.

I have learned from trustworthy Italian sources that the ambassador sent by Ciano to Athens gave the most confident assurances to Rome, on the eve of Greece's invasion, that the Duce's forces would meet with no resistance, but instead would be welcomed with open arms. Relying on these assurances, Ciano assumed complete direction of what began as a purely political, rather than a military campaign. No crack troops were used in the beginning; only Black-shirt militia would be needed, it was decided.

These relatively untrained men were commanded by another of Ciano's favorites in the diplomatic corps, the former military attaché of the Italian Embassy in pre-war Paris. He was poorly qualified for much active army service, but he looked well in his uniform and could lead a parade impressively.

When the Greeks fought like

demons and pursued the retreating Italians deep into Albania, even after seasoned troops and officers had replaced the militia, it was necessary to find a scapegoat, and Marshal Pietro Badoglio's retirement was clearly intended to save Ciano's face.

What has been written on the battle of Guadalajara would fill an entire library. Most of the writers, however, were not eye-witnesses of the battle, and many of them, in describing it, were defending a thesis more than reconstructing the truth. Some declared this battle ended simply with broken troops in flight; others maintained that the Italians advanced about forty miles before falling back only twenty miles.

The truth is that the battle of Guadalajara represents for the Italian campaign in Spain a failure—even though limited, nevertheless a veritable failure in its moral results and in the reduction of Italy's prestige. Its strategical results were of less importance.

The Italian troops were massed at daybreak along the road leading to France. They were trying to get possession of the crossroads at Cuenca by occupying Guadalajara, thus cutting off the only efficient communications that the garrisons of Madrid could utilize to reach Valencia and the sea. During the first two days of battle the motorized Italian troops advanced successfully for more than forty miles. Then they were attacked by the cream of the International Brigades, competently led by Russian officers, whom General Miaja rushed

up from Madrid's fortifications in the University City and on the Jarama.

The Italians claim they were let down in this action by one of Franco's generals who failed to attack Madrid's defenses, as previously agreed, so that Miaja could not send reinforcements to the Guadalajara sector. Anyway, the Italians were compelled to retreat precipitously. They fled not only from the enemy's bayonets and artillery fire, but also from the unrelenting bombing and machine-gunning of his aviation overhead. It had been impossible for the Italian aviation or any Spanish Nationalist fliers to take off from the muddy airfields of Burgos and Saragossa, but the Russian and other foreign fliers in the Loyalist air force had used the Madrid airport's cement runways to brave terrible weather.

There were many reasons for the Italian defeat. One was the separate Italian High Command's error in placing all its forces on one hard road leading from Sigüenza down through the mountains to Guadalajara. Consequently the Italians were easily flanked; they had advanced too rapidly and left their flanks unprotected. Another grave mistake was the total lack of strategical preparation and study beforehand by the Italian staff of territory with which they were utterly unfamiliar.

The most important contribution to Italy's humiliation at Guadalajara, however, was made by Count Ciano and the interfering politicians in his favor, who surround him in

Rome. And responsibility for the very recent reverses in Greece can be traced to the same source.

When the Spanish conflict began and Franco lacked vessels to ferry his African Legionary and Moorish troops across the Strait of Gibraltar to the mainland, he appealed to Italy for transport planes. His request was addressed, of course, to Count Ciano, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was surprised and indignant to find the Italian General Staff opposed to giving Franco any help, because Marshal Badoglio felt the country should have no further military involvement of any kind until it had a breathing spell after the Ethiopian campaign.

In the face of Badoglio's disapproval, Ciano went directly to Mussolini, who appears unable to refuse his son-in-law anything. Ciano convinced Mussolini that Franco then needed only twelve Savoia-Marchetti bombers to become the ruler of Spain, which would naturally fall into Rome's orbit.

Once embarked on the Spanish adventure, against Badoglio's wishes, it soon became obvious that Italy would have to give more aid than just twelve planes before Franco could triumph. Ciano ordered the recruiting of 60,000 Fascist milita-

The ease with which the Nationalist General Gonzalo Queipo de Llano captured Malaga on February 8, 1937 with this type of Italian reinforcements caused Ciano to feel justified in having launched a political, instead of a strictly military campaign in Spain. If Malaga could fall so easily, he reasoned, there should be no further delay about the capture of Madrid by the Italian expeditionary force, so the war could be quickly ended for General Franco without the necessity of considerable Italian intervention.

Guadalajara followed—and almost blotted out the memory of later Italian military successes at Bilbao and Santander, and the 5,000 Italian dead in Spanish cemeteries.

The recent visits to Berlin of Ramon Serrano Suner, Franco's foreign minister and brother-in-law, were not for the purpose of discussing when Spain should enter the war, as was generally surmised in the press here. Serrano Suner went to urge Hitler and Von Ribbentrop to use all their powers of persuasion to convince Mussolini and Ciano that an attack on Gibraltar, which would force Spain into the war on the side of the axis, was inadvisable. Ciano, rather than Hitler, was said to favor this move.

canard can be traced perhaps to the indiscreet hospitality of the military commander of the Bidasoa frontier at Irun, who invited a large number of German officers and men stationed on the French side of the border to attend Pamplona's bull fights during the famous San Fermin Festival last summer. Shortly after his German military guests were seen in full uniform in Pamplona's Plaza de Toros, the frontier commander was relieved from his post at Irun.

Franco would abandon his non-belligerency immediately and fight, if the British ever tried to engineer in the Moroccan Protectorate another blow—in the De Gaulle pattern—at the Vichy Government's overseas prestige. Franco's program for Spain's imperial resurrection calls for expansion in Africa. He feels there is historical justification for it. He may dream of extending the Spanish Protectorate far south of Casablanca, until Morocco is joined with Rio de Oro.

But it is ridiculous to suggest that Franco or any responsible Spaniard today seriously contemplates the reconquest of Cuba, the Philippines, and all the lost possessions in the New World. Only in Africa, where the French began whittling down the zone of Spanish authority fifty years ago, are Franco's aspirations concentrated now. If he can prevent it, Tangier will never again be internationalized.

General Maxime Weygand has broken his silence in North Africa to affirm his unqualified loyalty to Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain. So it may be assumed that any attempt by General Charles de Gaulle, commander of the Free French forces, to extend his recent success in Equatorial Africa and line up other French colonies in Africa with his British-backed followers who have renounced all allegiance to the Vichy Government, would meet energetic military opposition from Weygand.

Marshal Pétain was the first French Ambassador to Spain after Franco had won his victory, mainly because long previously there had been a very strong bond of friendship between the two men.

Marshal Pétain is believed to favor a restoration of the monarchy in France. French royalists sympathized strongly with Franco during



Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain and former Spanish Foreign Minister Beigbeder in a photograph taken while Pétain was French Ambassador to Spain

men from the ranks of unemployed workers and peasants who really thought they were being enrolled to colonize Ethiopia. They were sent to Spain under the command of officers of no high military caliber, many being just politicians who had never been inside an armory.

It is not true that there are at present a considerable number of German troops in Spain. Newspaper columnists and commentators, lacking any reliable source of information whatever, lately have reported as many as 100,000 Nazis garrisoned in various parts of Spain. This

the Spanish Civil War and they almost persuaded Pétain to lead a movement in France to restore the monarchy, when the French Popular Front under Léon Blum's leadership was giving a great deal of support to the Spanish Loyalists. But Pétain said then that it was not the moment to strike.

Many well-informed Spaniards believe Franco would restore the monarchy in Spain soon after Pétain had put a king on the throne of France. It is hinted that French royalist opposition to Pierre Laval might have caused the Vice-Premier's dismissal. Former Minister of War Louis Felix Maurin, editor of the royalist newspaper *Action Française*, is closely associated with Marshal Pétain, and he campaigned against M. Laval because Paul Baudouin, who belongs to *Action Française*, had to give up the Foreign Ministry to Laval.

Pierre Etienne Flandin, on the other hand, is said to be *persona grata* with the French royalists. Although he never belonged to the *Action Française*, Flandin certainly has always been much more identified with right-wing politics than Laval.

SPAIN undoubtedly could use to good advantage the \$100,000,000 in credits which American Ambassador Alexander Weddell is said to have proposed to the State Department in the interest of keeping Spain out of the war. It should be emphasized, however, that Spain has not asked for these credits, or any loan from the United States. There seems to be a popular misunderstanding about this, for which the enemies of all efforts to promote friendly relations between the two countries may be responsible.

Washington is reported to be insisting on guarantees of Spain's continued non-belligerency before granting the \$100,000,000 in credits that Spain has not asked for. These guarantees will never be given, because Spain's sovereignty cannot be bought that way. No self-respecting government, regardless of how small or militarily weak the country may be, would sell its freedom of action so cheaply, in advance of being forced into a war already started by other nations.

Spain is falsely represented as being threatened with famine this

winter, whereas in reality she can get along until next year's harvest, with nothing like the suffering and privation endured by the civilians of Madrid and Barcelona under Red rule throughout the civil war.

The published reports of a des-



Alexander Weddell, United States
Ambassador to Spain

perate food shortage in Spain are grossly exaggerated. American correspondents, crossing Spain hurriedly several months ago on their way from defeated France to Lisbon to board a homeward-bound Clipper or steamer, again demonstrated their celebrated ability to make lightning surveys of conditions wherever they find them. The doubtful value of their observations, however, is apparent when one examines the "scoop" of the bright fellow who, although hungry, would not take a chance on the "fresh fish from Portugal" offered to him, he said, in a Madrid restaurant. Fresh fish in abundance has been arriving in Madrid within twelve hours after it is caught, ever since the civil war ended. Likewise it arrived daily before the war began—but from the great fisheries of Corunna, Spain—not from Portugal.

There has always been the keenest sort of competition for the markets of the world between Spanish and Portuguese canners of sardines, anchovies and tuna. Indeed, it would be much easier to find beefsteak from the Argentine in a Chicago restaurant than it ever will be to eat fish imported from Portugal in Madrid.

The truth is that there is a short-

age of wheat and corn in Spain that Franco would like to remedy with imports. In the past the country produced almost enough wheat for its own needs, requiring only a little high-grade Canadian grain to mix with it in order to get better flour for whiter bread—just as France and Italy had to do. Enough maize was grown to feed the livestock—and Spaniards, like some other Europeans, never considered corn fit for human consumption.

The present scarcity of meat, poultry, eggs, and dairy products results naturally from the shortage of grain and fodder. Crop failures, due to weather conditions, are not to blame. The soil of Estremadura, where most of the wheat always has been grown, can't be cultivated without the annual use of fertilizer, which has not been imported from Chile for nearly four years.

Spanish wheat is not being shipped to Germany to pay for war aid and material furnished to Franco, as some opponents of an American loan to Spain now claim. The only explanation for the present wheat shortage is the lack of necessary nitrates for fertilizer.

The British government is more interested than the United States in keeping Spain out of the war, but it is being more realistic. It did not make its latest trade agreement (whereby Spanish oranges, cork, and wine will be exchanged for wheat and badly needed raw materials) conditional on guarantees that Franco would never enter the war now going on in Europe as an ally of the Rome-Berlin axis.

England must know from experience that Spanish good-will usually can be won with an initial friendly gesture. Also, it is not in the quixotic tradition, which by no means is dead in Spain, for Franco to wait until Britain's military attention is heavily engaged elsewhere before risking an attempt to recover Gibraltar by force.

Franco so far has merely insisted with calm firmness on the legality and moral justice on Spain's side, when disputing Britain's right to ownership of the mighty Rock. He may feel that it would dishonor the memory of a glorious era, when it would have shamed Spain to profit by unequal fighting terms, for him to strike now at an adversary already at bay.



Evacuation of school children to avoid Nazi bombs has created many new problems for the Catholics of England

A PROBLEM of enormous magnitude confronts the Catholic Church in Britain as a result of the widespread destruction of churches and other religious buildings by the German air raids. When the war ends, the problem of reconstruction will have been vastly increased by the dispersion of Catholics from the industrial cities in which they have been centered for the past hundred years.

It was apparent when the war started that the diffusion of the Catholic population would produce an upheaval such as the Church had never expected. Broadly speaking, the Catholics of England, Scotland, and Wales have been concentrated for a century in the industrial cities, and especially in the great shipping centers, as a result of the sudden immigration of refugees from the Irish famine a century ago.

The Church had become almost extinct in England and Scotland until the influx of Irish immigrants poured in. Even before the great famine in Ireland—from 1845 to 1847—a steady flow of Irish immigration had already begun, so that probably half of the 300,000 Catholics in Great Britain at that time were of direct Irish origin.

A religious revival began in the 1830's which found its most notable expression in the Oxford Movement under Newman's leadership,

and for some years before the Irish famine there was a considerable tide of conversions to the Catholic Faith. The increase through conversions was accelerated when Newman himself became a Catholic in 1845, and it has continued ever since, so that many Catholic families in Great Britain are the descendants of converts.

By far the largest increase in Catholic numbers, however, came with the influx of starving refugees from Ireland during the famine years and in the subsequent decade. Their numbers were so large that the Catholic population of Great Britain rose from about a quarter of a million a hundred years ago to some two million when the immigration was at its height. There was a decline when the older immigrants died off, and "leakage" has greatly reduced the natural rate of increase that would have been expected, so that the total Catholic population of England today is only about 2,300,000, with an additional half million in Scotland.

The development of the Church in both countries has been very largely dominated by the fact that these Catholic immigrants generally congregated in the industrial and shipping centers, where they obtained employment during the rapid industrial expansion of the last century. There they built their churches and their schools, and their corporate strength increased while the Catholic revival scarcely

Nazi Bombs and

penetrated into the less crowded parts of the country.

It was soon evident when the war began that the areas in which the bulk of the Catholic population had settled were those most likely to suffer from air raids, if the war was to be conducted on the destructive and merciless lines that were at first expected. The Government had a complete scheme ready for evacuating school children from the threatened areas, and very soon the Catholic Church was confronted with a more acute problem than that of any other denomination because the other churches are more evenly distributed.

In Scotland, for instance, some two-thirds of all the Catholic population live in and around the one city of Glasgow, and the remainder are chiefly congregated in other industrial centers which were soon exposed to attack. In Wales there is a still more marked concentration of the Catholic population in and around the shipping and coal mining centers of Cardiff and Swansea. In England more than half the Catholic population had their homes in the small industrial and shipping area around Liverpool and Manchester. A further 600,000 lived in and around London, especially in the poor quarters around the London docks. And of the remainder, all but a small fraction are similarly congregated either in Tyneside in the Northeast, or in the Midland factory towns around Birmingham, or in such Southern seaports as Southampton.

British Catholics

By DENIS GWYNN



Students from a neighboring monastery removing Stations of the Cross from an English convent which had been bombed
British Combine photo

All these places were obviously destined to become the chief targets for German air raids when the raids began in earnest. The Government took no risks and put its evacuation scheme into operation before war was actually declared. For the Catholic Church the effect was that the churches and schools in the crowded areas were immediately deprived of a great part of their normal numbers, while the children were sent to the so-called safety areas where Catholic churches and schools were extremely few.

But as the months passed and air raids did not take place, the evacuation scheme gradually broke down. Parents wished to have their children with them since the billeting arrangements were inevitably unsatisfactory in many cases. Catholics particularly disliked the evacuation scheme because it meant that their children could not attend Catholic schools, and it was impossible to establish new schools for them in the remote places to which they had been sent. As the children gradually drifted back to their homes, the school problem became more difficult than ever. Many children were still away under charge of the school teachers who had accompanied them to safer quarters, while others returned to find that the school buildings had been left idle.

With the beginning of air raids in deadly earnest, the evacuation scheme has been put into force again, and the dispersal of Catholics from their established centers is greater than ever. In addition to

the evacuated children literally hundreds of thousands of adults have, for one reason or another, been obliged to leave their old homes, whether for military service or to work in armament factories, or because bombardment has compelled them to go elsewhere. The air raids have created a further problem by wrecking or burning many churches, schools, convents, and religious houses which have been built with years of labor and sacrifice.

A year ago the Catholic Church in Great Britain was faced with the baffling problem that its religious buildings were being left empty while the Catholic people were being dispersed into regions where church building had scarcely begun. Now it is faced with the actual destruction of churches and religious buildings on such a scale that their rebuilding may be utterly impossible within a generation. Such havoc has been wrought in parts of many cities that it is very doubtful whether they will ever be rebuilt on the same scale as before.

Similar destruction has, of course, been found in every country which has become a main theater of war. But the Church in England and Scotland has suffered with peculiar force because it has been almost entirely centered in cities most exposed to attack. In France, for instance, and in Poland, there has been fearful destruction of church property in those parts where the

fighting was most intense. But elsewhere the churches have not suffered to any great extent, and the Church can continue its work there while reconstruction proceeds in the devastated areas.

Reconstruction will, of course, begin in Great Britain as soon as the war ceases, and a Minister has been appointed already to make plans so that no time will be lost. But it is quite evident that the rebuilding will be not only on different lines but, to a large extent, in different places. The great cities in England, as in the United States, have been overgrown for years, and there has been constant effort to induce people to live elsewhere, though the drift into the great cities has continued as strongly as ever. They have possessed equipment and facilities which did not exist elsewhere, and industry and trade always tend to utilize existing advantages.

All over Europe, however, the war has already produced this same problem of devastation in the overcrowded centers, where land values had become extravagantly inflated and where building costs are higher than elsewhere. There will be many cities not only in England and in Germany, but in France, Belgium, Holland, and Norway where the cost of repairing so much wanton wreckage will be far greater than

can be undertaken by peoples whose resources have been recklessly used up in war. Factories have been converted to war work everywhere, and no one can say whether they will find a market for their former products when peace returns. Trade in the meantime has been so dislocated by restrictions on consumption and by direct destruction that many thousands of tradesmen have lost their occupations. Their former employees have found temporary work in war service of various kinds, but their own future is completely uncertain.

The position of the Church in the cities which have been most heavily bombarded is so chaotic that planning for the future is not even possible. It has been openly announced that in the poor quarters of great shipping centers like London and Liverpool whole streets have been demolished or evacuated, and in many places the churches and schools have also been destroyed. Religious ceremonies are being held in any building which can be utilized, but a large proportion of the parishioners has already gone elsewhere. And it is precisely in these districts that the Catholics have hitherto been most numerous and most strongly established.

When the French devastated areas were rebuilt after the last war, the French Government—even though most of its Ministers were not practicing Catholics—decided very soon that the parish churches must be among the first buildings to restore. They had been for generations a symbol of the village life, and their rebuilding brought back confidence and created a center to which the former inhabitants returned. But in the great modern cities the task of rebuilding is so immense that it is doubtful even now whether large parts of them will ever be rebuilt on the former scale. Docks, factories, and great markets must all be restored before employment can be provided for the city workers who had congregated around them.

In London particularly it is not only the crowded parish churches of the poorest quarters that have been shattered. Some of the most famous Catholic churches in the wealthy districts have been either bombed or burnt out, so that the vast expense incurred during years

of effort has now to be faced again. There have, in the past centuries, been periods of great difficulty because of economic crisis or distress, but never before has there been the problem of a vast exodus of Catholic families from the parishes where they have lived during the years of consolidation. It is quite plain already that they cannot hope to return until much rebuilding has been done and until employment has been found for them in peace time.

The case of Liverpool is specially notable. It has grown during the past century into a city of more than a million people. Its prosperity began with the growth of transatlantic shipping, and it became the principal port from which Irish emigrants sailed for the Americas. Its trade developed as the outlet for the industrial output of the factories in industrial Lancashire. Irish immigration supplied much of the labor upon which the prosperity of the industrial revolution was built, and for that reason Liverpool has for years contained the largest Catholic population of any English city.

VICISSITUDES of trade have brought ups and downs to Liverpool and, like Glasgow, it expanded very rapidly during the last war. Subsequently, the setback to shipping and the loss of foreign markets by the Lancashire industries in the aftermath of the last war, brought a period of acute distress. But there was a revival in the years which preceded the great collapse of 1929 and then another period of acute unemployment followed. In the present war, its activity has revived more than ever with the diversion of shipping from the southern ports to avoid submarines and air attacks. But for that very reason it has been subjected to air bombardment as intense as that of London, and the same problem of widespread devastation has now arisen.

Some twelve years ago, when Archbishop Downey was nominated to the See, Liverpool was enjoying a temporary phase of prosperity. The time had come when decisions had to be taken for erecting a cathedral in Liverpool, and the new Archbishop had to launch the appeal and fix the scale upon which the cathedral should be built. Ex-

perience in London had shown him that Catholic building had hitherto been on too small a scale, so that additions were constantly required as the Catholic numbers grew. He boldly decided that, with a large Catholic population in the northern province, the new cathedral must be larger even than the vast cathedral at Westminster—which had been bitterly denounced at the outset as fantastically large, but which in practice has not been large enough to serve its purpose as the chief center of Catholic life in London.

Westminster Cathedral, built forty years ago, was twice as large as St. Paul's Cathedral in the City of London. The new cathedral in Liverpool was to be twice as large as Westminster. Archbishop Downey visualized it as the Catholic center of the North. The cost would be very great, and he declared that it would be the work of generations to complete it. But there was ample reason to justify his ambitious proposals. The whole cost spread over several generations would, he showed, be less than the cost of one battleship. Within a few years the comparison was much more in his favor as the cost of battleships grew. And in the present year the cost he then estimated would be much less than half the cost of one day's expenditure by the British Government on the war.

Time alone can show whether the Archbishop's vision was justified. A vast amount of work had been done on the foundations of the new cathedral before war compelled a cessation of all such building. In the meantime, evacuation and war service have scattered a great proportion of the Liverpool Catholics into other parts of England where frequently not even a small wooden building yet exists to provide a center for Catholic life. In more than two hundred air raids on the city, the Nazis have already caused widespread devastation which will have to be repaired before the poor can return to their humble homes. And in Liverpool, with its many important Catholic churches, schools, and religious houses, the Church has suffered direct losses in full proportion to its local importance.

Yet it should not be forgotten that a hundred years ago scarcely

one of these crowded churches had been built. The very possibility of there being a large Catholic population capable of filling them and of providing the means to build them seemed utterly remote. When the Catholic influx began there were not even priests to accompany the emigrants, and it was years before Mass was said in the back rooms of village inns or in disused barns or cellars. Today in many of the English cities Mass is being celebrated once again in whatever places can be found to serve that temporary purpose.

Moreover, the dispersion of Catholics throughout the country has brought an unexpected impulse and strengthening to the struggling churches in many small towns and villages where only a handful of isolated Catholics hitherto had managed to erect modest buildings for their own use. Small missions where an overworked young priest has had to live precariously on the offerings of a few score Catholics, scattered through wide areas, have been invaded by the arrival of evacuated schools or by contingents of people from the devastated areas or by military forces stationed in small towns or in camps.

It is in these small modern churches—many of them built of wood as temporary structures until in some distant future they could be replaced with a more solid and more expensive building—that the Catholic Church has its greatest opportunity at the present time. The whole economic and social life of England has been thrown into the melting pot while the war lasts, and no one can say what new forms will emerge when peace returns. Even the military camps may yet have to remain for some other purpose, while the devastation is being repaired and while industry and commerce adapt themselves to the chaotic conditions that must follow upon the war. The billeting of people left homeless by the destruction of their houses must certainly continue for some time; and it may well be that those who have had to leave the great cities will find employment in other places where their labor will be available for the creation of new centers of population and activity.

That much property belonging to the Church in the form of schools and convents and churches will never be rebuilt on the former scale seems certain. Long years of privation and sacrifice will inevitably have to be faced. But the Catholic population as a whole is now being dispersed throughout the country, with its clergy and its devoted school teachers. They can face the future with a confidence strengthened by their proud tradition and inspired by the knowledge that through their misfortunes the Catholic Faith is finding new roots in places where it has been forgotten and despised for centuries.

Many years ago, in very different circumstances, Newman spoke of a "Second Spring" of English Catholicism. Perhaps from the chaos of this war a new surge of life will come to the Catholic Church in England that will lead to better and greater things in the future.

For New Year's Eve

By MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

*The dead are here, but none shall see
Their faces for infinity—
The dead, of life long shorn.
Above each waking town and hill
The holy multitude is still
To watch a New Year born.*

*And none of these shall kneel in prayer
Or seek a second to repair
The things they left undone;
No longer theirs the coin of time
For goodly deeds, no clock to chime
The rising of the sun.*

*Instead, one place before God's throne
That prayer and labor made their own—
All joyful things and sad—
Tonight within the winter skies
Ten billion strong our fathers rise
To see what once they had.*

• • •

The Love That Moves The Sun

By SISTER MIRIAM, R.S.M.

*The agony of human love returned
Is sweet; and they are few who call that boon
Only less bitter than a love that's spurned.
Surfeit or want may wear a heart out soon.*

*But O if God has stooped to whisper me:
"Love me, My child, as never on the earth
I have been loved," transcendent ecstasy
By this encompassing is brought to birth.*

*How live! my willful weakness wooed like this
By strength that is my own and all men's bliss!*

• • •

In Hora Mortis

By ELEANOR DOWNING

*"Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae"so
Often, with wandering eyes and finger-tips
Half-folded, have I prayed. O parted lips,
Swift in life's ruby dawn to taste the cup
Of idle pleasure, slow to render up
Tribute of praise; O lips that failed me then,
Fail me not now, when all the lights burn low.
Seek out one broken word, one fluttering breath,
One flame of love, to light the way to death,
Kindling old prayers, like candles in the dark.
"Ora pro nobis, Mater Dei" Hark!
Heard I not then a voice that spake, "Amen"?"*

ANN found Dermott O'Brien in a movie magazine, a lean bold face and a big smiling mouth. Skiing at Sun Valley, he had broken a wrist. That will keep him at home, thought Ann, studying the candid shot. He looked young for a writer, and he didn't look mean, smiling for the camera. "Some day we'll meet," Ann told the picture, scorn in her quiet voice, "and you won't like it, Dermott O'Brien."

The O'Brien went into the wastebasket, and Ann to her work, typing swiftly. A still young face, dark eyes, and a grave, sweet mouth, deft hands on the keys, tap-dancing along. Ann Burke was twenty; she was also the Burke Typing Service. She earned five dollars a day on some days; and kept a bungalow for her father.

Behind her now, a mild voice, faintly Boston and Irish. "I'm going back to work, Ann."

The clicking stopped as she turned to see him, her small gray-haired father, in the doorway. Jon Burke, ex-portrait painter, doing hack work now for Supreme Films, and small pay. He looked nice in his smart clothes, slacks and Harris tweed over brown silk and a bright tie—Hollywood clothes to conceal his age. And his face had the Hollywood look; fatigued, massaged, and smooth-shaven. Smiling now at his daughter.

Not smiling, she asked, "Did you ever get to see O'Brien?"

Her father stopped smiling. "I saw his agent. A fellow named Gibbs, Russell Gibbs. Very decent, too. He said when O'Brien came back he'd speak to him about it."

Ann said thoughtfully, "O'Brien is back." Her dark young eyes were loving her father, wishing him stronger. "Get his address," she urged quietly. "Go see him and tell him you must have your money."

Her father shrugged. "An artist, Ann, can't go ringing doorbells." His voice dismissed the subject. "The fellow won't pay."

In Ann's dark eyes a brightness came, like candle gleams on steel. "I think he will," she said. And closing her typewriter cover, "I'll be with you, Dad. I'm going to work, too."

They walked down the boulevard, through the sun glare and the after-

noon parade; a round-shouldered little man with his mind in the past; and a slim straight girl thinking into the future. Thinking her father could go east, could start painting again, with the money this O'Brien owed him. And she was no artist, and she could ring doorbells. Peg Toomey's first. Peg was Ann's best client and friend, from Boston, too; Margaret Toomey, newspaper woman; the Hollywood editor now of a movie magazine. She would know where O'Brien lived.

At Vine Street Ann and her father parted. "Home for supper?" she asked, as she took her typewriter from him.

He shook his head. "And don't wait up. I may be late."

Ann knew what that meant; cards with the cameramen. And knowing she knew, her father said firmly, "It's not gambling, child. Just a sociable game to rest our minds."

Ann squeezed his arm, a brief caressing grasp, as if to press through his sleeve her own warm youth. "For luck," she said, and was gone, slim and swift through the crowd, with her eyes to herself; a

face. Seeing Ann's machine, she shook her red coiffure. "I'm stepping out," she said. And smiling, "Come in and hook me."

Hooking, Ann asked, "What's Dermott O'Brien like?"

Peg shrugged her orchid corsage. "Like a thousand a week. Gary Cooper from Dublin."

"Where does he live?"

The hooking was done. Peg said, "Thanks." And eyeing Ann suspiciously, "What do you care where O'Brien lives?"

Ann told her. O'Brien had come to Supreme Films to do the dialogue on one picture. Liking some sketches her father had done for publicity, he had commissioned her father to paint him. Her father had worked for a month, and nothing. O'Brien had taken the portrait away, and still owed her father five hundred dollars.

Clasping a linked Mexican bracelet, Peg asked, "Did your dad have a contract? Any written agreement?"

Ann shook her head. "O'Brien's agent arranged it. A man named Russell Gibbs."

"I know him," Peg said, and

Babes in the Hollywood

By BRASSIL FITZGERALD

hand in her sport-jacket pocket, finding her beads.

The Holy Arms; box trees and taxis, and a Russian general to open its bronze doors. From the tapestried lobby Ann called Peg's apartment. A Radcliffe drawl answered, "Yes? Miss Toomey is speaking."

"Burke Typing Bureau."

The voice on the wire went back to South Boston. "Lo, Annie," it said. "Come on up."

Peg opened the door in orchid velvet, lots of velvet; a big spinster with wise, green eyes in a freckled

strolled to the mirror that hid the wall bed.

Ann said to her big back, "Dad liked Mr. Gibbs." Her voice had a questioning note. "I guess he's all right."

Peg's voice was indifferent. "Aces with me," she said. "His folks own my magazine, Annie." She turned this way and that, studying her lines. Then she said brusquely, "Tell your dad forget it. And next time get a contract."

Ann asked quietly, "Do you know O'Brien's address?"



No one answered his call, and after a moment he was back, frowning down. "Did your father send you here?" he asked. She shook her dark head

Peg said crossly, "You couldn't get to him, Annie. You can't get to first base in this town without friends."

Ann's young face was obstinate. "I made a novena, Peg." She was smiling shyly. "And I've got you."

Peg looked at her, frowning. "Why don't you grow up? Hollywood's no convent school." And she

barged out of the room.

Waiting, Ann moved a purple drape and looked out at the Hollywood scene. Palm trees and red roofs and brown hills; close below the movement and whisper of traffic; the black ants that were people. Peg came back. "Number eight Wibley Heights," she said. And crossly, "Don't you tell anyone I told you.

I can't get mixed up in this. Go on home now."

Ann didn't go home. She got into a taxi, said, "Eight Wibley Heights," and sat watching the meter change, remembering her father hurrying home to tell her he was to paint O'Brien. They had dined out that night, and strolling home had stopped in a bookstore to buy O'Brien's plays, against the exciting time when Ann would meet him.

Now was the time. The taxi was slowing to the curb; to a house like a sprawling fort on the crest of the hill. Ann went up angled flights of stairs to a beaten brass door, put down her case and rang the bell. Now a servant would come and say not at home. She waited, trying to look bold and at ease, small fingers tight on the beads in her pocket.

The door opened inward to a white-coated houseboy with a round Chinese face. With firm dignity, Ann said, "Mr. O'Brien, please."

And the houseboy smiled. "You no come soon," he remarked affably, "the boss go nuts."

Ann stared at the strange face. It could not have said what she'd heard. "Nuts?"

she repeated weakly.

The houseboy nodded. "Clazy," he assured her. And smiling, "Come in."

She followed down the tiled hall toward a patio, a pool of sunlight and green where water murmured. But the houseboy stopped at a closed door. "You go in," he whispered. "I no go. He plenty insulting."

And waiting for me, thought Ann. It was like a bad dream, and the dark shining door was cold to her knuckles. A loud, deep voice said, "Come."

Ann drew one quick breath, opened the door and marched in, a small captain at the head of no troops. He sat at his desk in sunlight and a litter of papers. He held his right arm in a black silk sling, and from his still scowl small boys would have run.

Ann broke the silence, trying to smile. "I'm Ann Burke," she said in a very small voice.

"Are you, now?" He spoke with a kind of horrid gentleness. "Nice of you to drop in."

"I'm sorry, I—"

He wouldn't let her finish. "Don't mention it, Miss Burke. A mere trifle. You were due here at one, and it's only two-twenty." His deep set eyes were bright and fierce. "Will you please," he said slowly, "stop standing there like the boy on the burning deck, and start typing."

"But you don't understand—"

He broke in fiercely, "You do type?"

"Yes, but—"

His free hand worked at his cropped tan hair. "Will you please stop this arguing," he pleaded, "and take down this scene before I lose it?"

Ann thought fast. Some typist had failed him, and this was no time to ask for money. She moved to the desk and set up her machine, rolled in a sheet and said, "Go ahead." And he did, pacing the floor.

IN THE waiting pauses, she studied him covertly from under her dark concealing lashes. A brown face, lean and mature; his mouth with its long upper lip might be nice when he smiled. If he ever does, Ann thought, while he paced the room, light-stepping and lean, like an Irish Indian. And now again his deep brogue voice; the same scene again with speeches cut out and speeches added. "He says," "She says," and "Enter the Colonel." For two long hours.

Then O'Brien sat reading the typed sheets. When he looked up, the fierceness was gone from his eyes, the tension from his voice. "And now we need tea," he said. His face was nice when he smiled. "Tea," he assured her doubtful silence, "is a

friendly fluid, a gentle and soothing beverage."

Black lashes lifted from Ann's smiling eyes. "I think you need tea," she assented.

The houseboy brought a bachelor tea; ripe olives and little ham sandwiches. A man of moods, this O'Brien; he had laid his fierceness away with his work. Now he was pleasant enough, big and friendly, pouring with one awkward hand. "And you must have a sandwich," he insisted. "The meat's from home." And proudly he added, "The best hams in the world come from Dublin."

Ann said demurely, "And they do so well, too, in the movies."

"Well, wherever they go," he said

different, smooth and guarded. "And what did you come for?"

It was like a dive in cold water; waiting, you lost your nerve. Ann plunged. Feeling her cheeks hot, bravely she said, "For five hundred dollars."

He didn't look angry. He looked disappointed and tired, saying nothing. She told him then, fiercely and swiftly to a dignified end. "If you don't care to pay my father," she said, "I'll take the portrait back." Ann endured his probing look, tightening her lips to stop their trembling.

"Excuse me," he said, and rising, moved to the desk and the phone. She felt her heart beat, watching his tall back, hearing him dial, a



"Some day we'll meet," Ann told the picture, scorn in her quiet voice, "and you won't like it."

when his laughter stopped, "it takes one of their own to cut them."

Foolish talk, bridging their strangeness. Until, lighting his pipe, he remarked, "Very decent of Goff to lend you to me. I'm tempted to steal you. No mere producer needs so good a typist."

Now was the time. Smiling boldly she told him, "I don't know Mr. Goff. I didn't come here to type."

He didn't smile, through the pipe smoke studying her. His voice was

slow-paced clicking. He was calling the police, she thought; a patrol car would come, big uniformed men. "Let them come," she thought, and sat very still, small hands clenched in her lap.

But no one answered his call, and after a moment he was back, tall over her, frowning down. "Did your father send you here?" he asked.

She shook her dark head.

"Does he know you're here?"

"No," she admitted.

He seemed relieved. "That must be it," he said. And gently, "Your father was paid, Miss Burke."

Her gray eyes scorned him. "No," she said proudly. "He would have told me."

His eyes were sorry for her. "These artists," he said. And as if excusing her father, "They're all children." His kindness was confusing her now. "But five hundred dollars," she faltered, "how could he have spent it?"

She saw him wanting to smile, and not smiling, relighting his pipe. "It can be done," he said. And watching his match flame out, "Does he follow the races at Santa Anita?"

Ann's smile was proud and her quick response, "Oh, he wouldn't gamble," she said, and flushed. Her small voice was reluctant. "He does play poker with the cameramen."

In silence he puffed at his pipe, and she was silent, trying to resist his thought, to believe him wrong, or deceiving her. His gray eyes were too kind. "Go home and ask him," he said gently. "Make him tell you."

But Ann was seeing her father, in his Hollywood clothes to conceal his age, a small graying man with no one but Ann to admire him now. She could see his face, admitting that he'd lost all that money. Defeat in his eyes, and at last, no pride, telling his daughter he had lied to her. Not that. He must never know she had found him out. And this man wanting to smile, this Dermott O'Brien with his youth and his fame—he was not to judge her father

ANN lifted dark lashes and looked at O'Brien, accepting the shame for the Burkes. "It comes back to me," she said. "Father did say you'd paid him." And she rose, trying to smile, not meeting his eyes. "Such a stupid mistake. Well," she was trying hard to be dignified in retreat, "I'm glad to have met you, Mr. O'Brien."

A big Irish smile. "Then come back tomorrow," he said, "and help me again."

Home in a taxi; Ann gave the driver an extra quarter, and a smile that surprised him, so wide it was, and starry-eyed. The young man drove away very pleased with himself. Clark Gable had big ears, too.

The sun was high, burning off the morning fog. And on the patio at Wibley Heights, the O'Brien was

at breakfast. His agent came from the house; Russell Gibbs, a large young man in tailored tweeds, a pink boutonniere and a pink, smiling face. "Good morning. Good morning. No mail," he said. "Nothing you need bother with." And taking the other chair, lifted a white and black shoe to a fat gray knee.

Dermott said, "Thanks, Russ." And pushing across the cigarettes, "I called you yesterday afternoon."

Russ nodded. "I was out. Cocktails at the Troc." And he asked easily, working his gold lighter, "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing much." Dermott accepted a light. "Remember the portrait I got for Mother?"

Russ nodded, with thumb and finger removed a tobacco flake from his smile, and waited.

Dermott's voice was faintly embarrassed. "You—er—paid that chap? Burke, the name was."

Russ eyed him, a level man-to-man look. A quiet dignified voice. "My dear fellow!"

Dermott's smile was an apology. "Skip it," he said. "I just asked to be sure." And he told Russ about Ann.

Russ listened, polishing his nails against his palm. When Dermott had done, he sighed. "I've got a lousy job. You pay me to protect you from dishonest people, and the first one that gets by me you hire."

Dermott crushed out his cigarette. "Nonsense, man," he said. "The girl was O.K., protecting her father. He must have deceived her about it."

Russ lifted his lapel and sniffed his pink. "You think so?"

Dermott was annoyed. "I'm telling you, the girl has innocent eyes."

Russ nodded. "They practice that look," he said. "It's worth dough in this town." Taking out a gold pencil he made a note on the back of an envelope. "I'll take care of it," he said, writing. And he said, "I'll get you a real typist."

Dermott said gently, "Thanks very much, but I've hired Miss Burke."

Russ clipped his gold pencil and rose, gracefully accepting defeat. "Remember I warned you," he said, and resting a friendly hand on Dermott's shoulder, "If she tries to collect again, send her to me."

One Saturday morning in March. In the windy sunshine the tree shadows danced, and the palm

fronds clicked like castanets. The vacant lots were blooming with flowers and the boulevards with gay frocks. Including Ann's, a red and white gingham, lirting along to Peg Toomey's. She looked very nice, and felt better. For in her purse was a letter from Dermott, in New York now with his finished play. And the words of his letter sang in her mind. He was flying back Monday, the day after tomorrow, and for her. "Because I need you, Machree," he had written.

She lilted along to the Holly Arms.

IN OVERALLS Peg was doing her daily dozen. "Lo, toots," she said glumly, and resumed the walk that was taking her nowhere.

Ann's small shy voice asking, "I wondered if you knew exactly what Machree means."

"My heart," Peg said. And suspiciously, "Why?"

But Ann wasn't sharing her secret. Not yet. "I just wondered," she said. And added quickly, "You wanted to see me?"

Peg nodded. "I've lined up a job for you, toots. A script girl at RKM."

Ann said, "But I've got a job." And flushing happily, "Dermott O'Brien will be back Monday."

Peg looked disgusted. "Don't be a sap," she said. "That job with O'Brien won't last."

A small proud voice. "Yes it will."

Peg didn't answer, moving her arms now, up and down, right and left, like a traffic cop gone mad. She stopped to say, "Be sensible, toots. You can get your old man to call you Machree." And she reached for her feet. She came up, to ask, "Did he ever pay your father?"

Ann flushed, saying hurriedly, "That was just a mistake."

Peg grinned. "Two mistakes, toots. The first was when your dad came out here. You two haven't got what this town takes."

Ann kept smiling. Peg couldn't hurt her, not this morning, with Dermott's note in her purse. Rising to leave, she said, "About that job. Peg. I am grateful."

Peg didn't like to be thanked. "Skip it," she said crossly. "I wanted you out there for my own reasons. That's how I get news."

Ann's dark young eyes looked at Peg, liking her. "You don't fool me," she said. "You're my friend."

In the sunlight Peg's freckled face

was hard. "I'd go to RKM for you." And her voice was hard, too. "But not to the doghouse, Annie."

Ann looked troubled and puzzled. "What is the doghouse?"

Peg grinned wisely, opening the door. "The last address, Annie, of babes in the Hollywood."

Ann walked home feeling sorry for Peg, thinking how wrong smart people could be, knowing all the answers but how to be happy. Ann knew that one, planning now what she'd tell her father. He'd be hurt at first, because of the month she had worked for Dermott and told him nothing. Now he must know. Everything. But especially how Dermott's mother had loved his portrait, and if Dad did speak of his one untruth, pretending he'd never been paid for it; "If it weren't for that," she would tell him, "I wouldn't have met Dermott." "We three," she would tell him. And Dermott must, too. In the house of her happiness there had to be one room for her father.

ANN down the boulevard, stepping along to a tune from a drugstore's loudspeaker, hearing the music after it faded. A beautiful day, all day long, until her father came home.

"I'm out at the studio," he said. "There's a new art director. He says I'm too slow."

Ann squeezed his arm. "I'm glad, Dad. It's time you were painting again." Time, too, to tell him her secret. Dermott would help him.

But her father spoke first. "There's that money," he said, "that O'Brien owes me." And his voice tried to be firm. "I'll write him tonight. Tell him I'll take two hundred or sue him."

Ann said nothing. She couldn't speak in that moment, tasting her pain, thinking how silly she'd been, how quick to believe that her father had gambled the money he had never been paid. Because—because Dermott O'Brien had a nice smile. She sat still, beside her father. Where she belonged, beside her father. "Let's go in," she said. "I'll type your letter."

To the letter, when her father had signed it and was eating his supper, she added a postscript of her own, "I despise you. Ann Burke." If she mailed it at once, it would be delivered at Wibley Heights early on

Monday. She wanted that. She wanted it to be waiting there when Dermott O'Brien arrived.

At the end of the street, she dropped it in the box, the green-painted tomb for a foolish dream. The iron lid clanged.

Sunday was long, after Mass.

Early on Monday her father went off to answer an ad he had found in *Variety*. A cartoon unit wanted an animator, to draw Mickey Mice. Ann fixed his breast handkerchief, smiling. From the porch she watched him down the street, a brisk little man and undefeated, in his Hollywood clothes to conceal his age. Till he turned the corner, Ann didn't cry. Nor long. She didn't have time, dressing to go to Peg Toomey, to see if that job at RKM was still open.

She was putting on lipstick like armor: when the doorbell jingled. It was Mr. Gibbs, O'Brien's business agent. He sat in the living room at ease, a big fleshy man with a rose boutonniere. And he sighed. "There are times, Miss Burke, when I think mine is the lousiest job in the world. Well, I have the two hundred your father wrote for." Producing a monogrammed billfold, he said, "I'm distressed about this. I really am. As I told O'Brien, you're taking advantage of the fact that he could prove nothing in court. Just your word against his."

Ann said quickly, gently, "Father said you were kind."

With a plump hand he gestured away her thanks. "Just sign this, little lady," he said, giving her a slip like a check. "Account of Dermott O'Brien, Esq. Received payment." In ink, was written, "Two hundred dollars. Discharging all claims."

Ann hesitated. "But father should sign this."

Gibbs smiled, counting the money, new beautiful twenties. "That's all right," he said. "I know you're honest. Here." He gave Ann his own gold pen. While he waited, waving the slip gently for the signature to dry, she went into her room and came back with Dermott O'Brien's letter. Her face was white and proud. "Give him this, too," she said.

Gibbs sighed, putting the letter with the slip in his pocket. And very gently, on the porch, he said to her, "If I tell you this, please believe it's to save you embarrassment." He

spoke with obvious reluctance, "The houseboy at Wibley Heights has orders not to receive you."

Ann's proud smile through the screen. "Thank you," she said, and no more.

Mr. Gibbs' gentle "Good-by now," was a tribute and blessing. The neighbor children were clustered about his big beautiful car. He gave them a quarter for cones, waved back at Ann, and rolled smoothly away.

Going downtown to Peg Toomey's office, Ann tried to pray, fingering the beads in her sport jacket pocket. The "Our Father" was hardest—"As we forgive those who trespass against us." She tried to mean it, and hurried on to the "Hail Marys."

The fifth floor of the Pacific Building. On the door, "Pease and Gibbs, Publishers. Screen Personalities, Inc." And in small gold letters, "Margaret Toomey."

Peg at her desk was busy and curt. "Sit down, Annie," she said, and went on writing. Not looking up, she asked, "What do you want?"

Ann's hands were nervous, working the clasp of her purse. "That job, Peg, at RKM."

Peg shook her red head. "Too late," she said. "You can't flirt with those jobs." Her green eyes lifted to Ann. "S'matter? O'Brien die, or something?"

Ann said casually, "As far as the Burkes are concerned. We sent him a bill and he didn't like it."

Peg frowned, poking her red hair with a pencil. "For that picture that was all a mistake?"

Ann's cheeks were red. "O'Brien settled for two hundred," she said. "Mr. Gibbs brought the money this morning."

"And Gibbs fired you?" Peg asked. Ann nodded.

WITH care Peg broke her pencil point on the desk, dropped the pencil in the wastebasket. She said slowly, "Go see O'Brien. Tell him what you think of him."

Ann shook her head. "I couldn't if I wanted to. The houseboy wouldn't let me in. Mr. Gibbs warned me." Ann rose to go. "Mr. Gibbs was very decent, Peg. He hated the whole business."

"I'll bet," Peg said. "Nice boy, Russ. A peach." Her freckled hands were busy, smoothing her red coil-fure where her pencil had disar-

ranged it. "Getting ripe, too," she said, looked at her wrist watch and frowned at Ann. "Well, I'm a working girl. Anything else on your mind?"

Ann said, "That's all, except good-by. We're going back home, Dad and I." Her pause was awkward and her shy smile. "I'll kind of miss you, Peg."

Peg ignored that, going with her to the door. "So long, Annie. Drop me a line."

But Ann wouldn't leave like that. "Friends, Peg," she said, put quick arms around her and kissed her cheek. Then she went, smiling.

Peg stood in the doorway watching her down the hall, a dark head held high, a brown sport jacket, slim shoulders trying to swagger. Frowning, Peg closed the door.

Peg sat at her desk. She had work to do but she didn't do it, hearing the elevator, typewriters tapping, and the noise of the street; thinking, "Russ Gibbs is asking for it." Thinking, "If only his folks didn't own this magazine." From her drawer she took a small mirror and looked in it thoughtfully. No mark on the freckles where Ann had kissed. The face in the mirror frowned back. "Be yourself, Toomey," she told it, "you're no one's guardian angel." But Peg didn't go back to work.

THE O'Brien was at his desk, catching up on the mail Gibbs had laid before him. Russ waited by the window, looking down on the green sunny world, red roofs and palms and blooming gardens. Russ sighed deeply. O'Brien heard and smiled up. "What's the matter with you?"

Russ shook his sleek head. "Some days," he said, "I think mine is the lousiest job in the world. This is one of them, Dermott." Crossing to Dermott, with funereal gentleness he laid a letter on the desk. O'Brien's own writing, postmarked in New York, and addressed to Ann Burke.

O'Brien kept smiling. Russ spoke with slow and sad reluctance, "From the lady, Dermott." He took from his billfold the receipt Ann had signed and laid that, too, on the desk.

O'Brien stared at the slip. "Received two hundred dollars. Discharging all claims. Ann Burke," in a small, loopy hand.

Russ said gently, "We all make mistakes." O'Brien didn't look up,

nor speak. The big sunshiny room was filled with silence. The houseboy broke it, padding in with a card. Russ took the card, his brown eyes as he read it faintly relieved, and his smooth voice. "Margaret Toomey," he read aloud. "Screen Personalities."

O'Brien scowled. "Tell her I'm busy."

But Russ shook his head. "Good Publicity, Dermott. This magazine's tops," he explained briskly. "Sort of in the family, you know."

O'Brien said nothing, rubbing his wrist. Russ nodded to the houseboy.

Russ was glad to see Peg. He shook hands with her warmly and called her darling. Peg fell for it, too, beaming at Russ. "You lamb," she said. And with horrid coyness, "My favorite meat."

Laughing pleasantly and alone, Russ placed a chair for Peg, gave her a cigarette and a light from his gold lighter; while O'Brien sat there, rubbing his wrist, a lean brown mask of a face.

Peg smiled at it sweetly. "What I want for my readers, Mr. O'Brien, is a glimpse of the real you; the man behind those wonderful plays." Her voice cooed. "The simplicity of genius, if you know what I mean."

O'Brien's voice was barely polite. "I'm afraid I don't."

Peg touched her pencil to brooding lips, "Well, let me see." And her low voice was Radcliffe and Boston. "For instance—with a town full of good agents, you chose Russ Gibbs."

Russ' smile froze. "And why not?" snapped O'Brien.

Peg's voice was a calm, cultured, drawl. "If it weren't for his family," she said, "Russ would be peddling tin quarters."

Russ leaped to his feet. "That's enough from you, Toomey."

O'Brien's voice stopped him, quiet and cold. "I'll handle this, Gibbs." He smiled then at Peg. "But I don't understand. Are you trying to protect me?"

Peg crushed out her cigarette and rose, a freckled spinster with hard green eyes. "Not you, O'Brien." She shrugged a contemptuous shoulder at Russ. "He can do what he pleases to you." Peg had a grand homely face. "But not to Ann Burke," she said. "She's a friend of mine."

"And so what?" fumed Russ Gibbs. Ann's green eyes held O'Brien's. "And so Russ never paid for that

Burke portrait. He kept your five hundred—and told Burke you wouldn't pay. Until this morning. He paid two hundred this morning to get a release. Then he fired Ann to cover his tracks." She turned smiling. "Watch your blood pressure, Gibbsy," she said, picked up her notebook and purse, and walked out. Sailed out, like a ship of the line with smoking guns.

Russ smiled feebly, wiping a beaded brow with a dotted silk handkerchief. "The woman's crazy," he said.

O'Brien had lifted his desk phone and was speaking to the houseboy. "Call Dr. Miles," he said. "Ask him to come over."

Russ' voice dripped relief and polite concern. "Don't tell me you've hurt your wrist again?"

O'Brien put down the set. "Not yet," he said gently. And he smiled, the fighting smile of his kind. "But I'm going to, Russ. And I'm going to do it right now."

PEG walked in on Ann, greeted her, and ignoring her surprise, sat watching her work. In an old paint smock and grass-stained slacks, Ann knelt packing china, wrapping and packing, piece by piece. Wishing Peg would go, would stop talking.

"I warned you, Annie. This town's no convent school."

Silently, Ann went out for more china, stayed a moment in the kitchen to fight back the tears. The front doorbell rang. Somebody selling something.

Peg called to her loudly and cheerfully, "You want any flowers?"

"No," Ann said fiercely. "Tell him nothing today."

"O. K." She heard Peg at the screen, a loud happy voice. "Nothing today, Mister." Then strangely, "What's wrong with your wrist?"

The screen latch clicked, feet coming in, and in the living room O'Brien's voice. "I broke it on Gibbs," he said.

She stood in the doorway and saw him, tall and dishevelled, one arm full of roses, and one arm in a sling. And over the roses they looked at each other. Ann didn't know what had happened, nor care. For his eyes loved her, his gray Irish eyes. Smiling, she moved to him.

Watching them, Peg Toomey said "I might try a novena myself."

The Case for Ireland

By JOSEPH S. BRUSHER, S.J.

THE approach of the war to England's shore brings into prominence an anomalous situation in Ireland. Ireland is neutral. No state of war exists between Ireland and the Third Reich. But Ireland's neutrality is threatened by a very ugly fact—the fact of partition. Ireland is not mistress of her thirty-two counties. Six of them are still under England's yoke, and these six counties are at war with Germany. Over that unliberated section of Northern Ireland floats, not the tricolor banner of free Ireland, but the Union Jack. English troops are garrisoned on Irish soil, and in Irish harbors British battleships may ride at anchor.

This paradox presents a very perplexing problem to Mr. De Valera, who is inexorably determined to keep his country free from the ravages of war. At the outbreak of hostilities he warned England that conscription in the six counties would be regarded as an unfriendly act. England deferred to his wishes and to this day Northern Ireland is free from conscription. But what will happen if Hitler attempts to invade England? The presence of English armed forces in the six counties



The Giant's Causeway, one of the most picturesque spots in Northern Ireland

may afford the Fuehrer a pretext for invading Ireland and using it as a base in his campaign against Britain.

The war thus throws into sharp relief the evil of partition and brings the Irish question once again into the public eye. Lord Beaverbrook has urged Ireland to unite for defense. What a strange plea from a Briton to a Gael when Ireland's remaining grievance against England is simply that—the refusal to allow Ireland her territorial integrity. In past years Ireland's case has been summed up in expressions like "Land League," "Home Rule," "Sinn Fein." Now Ireland's case is expressed in that one word—*partition*.

Ireland, as every Irish schoolboy knows, is divided into four provinces and thirty-two counties. Of the four provinces, perhaps the most glorious was Ulster. At Armagh in Ulster, St. Patrick estab-

lished his see, and from that day to this, Armagh remains the primatial see of all Ireland. Ireland's greatest saints are buried in Ulster.

The great heroes of the Elizabethan wars, Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell, were of Ulster, and Ulster resisted English law for years after the King's writ ran in the rest of Ireland. Ulster led the fight in 1641 and Ireland finds her greatest general in the Ulsterman, Owen Roe O'Neill, the hero of Benburb.

Why, then, is Ulster partitioned? Why this anomaly of a carved-up Ireland? What happened to Ulster?

The downfall of Ulster began after Irish hopes of freedom were drowned in blood at Kinsale in 1603. Despairing of further resistance, the great earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell (English titles for the leaders of Clan O'Neill and Clan O'Donnell) fled to the continent. England confiscated their es-

tates, though according to Irish law all the clansmen had rights to the clan land. The confiscated territory was parceled out to Protestant English and Scottish adventurers. The first settlement existed uneasily until 1641, when the outraged clansmen rose in rebellion. This rebellion, at first successful, merged in the broader events of the Civil War in England. For a time, under the leadership of Owen Roe O'Neill and the inspiration of that great Papal Nuncio, Rinucini, prospects brightened for Dark Rosaleen. But Owen Roe died as Cromwell landed, and Ireland was delivered over to the victorious arms of Oliver. There is no need to dwell upon the atrocities that followed, beyond what is necessary to clarify the situation in Ulster today. The death of Ireland was decreed.

Every Gael was ordered under pain of death to leave his home and go to Connaught, the poorest province of Ireland. The three other provinces were divided among English and Scottish "undertakers" who were to undertake to settle the land with Protestant compatriots. As is well known, this ambitious plan did not succeed; and crushed Ireland was once again in arms for King James, had a fleeting moment of glory under Sarsfield, saw her hopes doomed when a cannon ball took St. Ruth's head at Aughrim.

In spite of this disaster, Ireland under Sarsfield fought on until honorable terms were granted. But once the Irish were disarmed, the terms of the treaty were forgotten. Across the years Limerick cries to Munich. Hitler has but too faithfully followed English example.

From 1689 on, England misruled Ireland with a studied ferocity remarkable in all history. Even Englishmen were ashamed of the penal laws. But in spite of oppression, faith and nationality lived on. In some parts of Ulster, however, the plantation really took root. There, an alien population gradually grew and prospered. But there is some magic in Ireland that enables her to absorb, or rather to transform her invaders, until in the end they become more Irish than the Irish themselves. Who today thinks of Burke and Fitzgerald as anything but Irish?

In the case of Ulster, as we shall see, the religious difference caused complications. In the eighteenth century, English misrule, coupled with the success of our own revolution, caused repercussions throughout the whole island. England found a new force arising in Ireland, the force of the Protestant settlers who now formed a volunteer army. This was heartily backed by the Gaels, who, themselves forbidden to carry arms, threw their

support to the embattled Ulstermen. The Convention of Dunganon, the martyrs Orr and McCracken, the United Irishmen recall the days when Protestant Ulster stood for Ireland.

What put an end to this happy state of affairs? Religious bigotry. The feelings of Protestant fanatics were excited and channeled by a strange new organization, the Orange Lodge. Down to the present, this Irish K. K. K. has done its work only too well. The Orangemen have been faithful and have consistently opposed every move for liberty and tolerance.

So much for the remote cause of partition.

What led to the actual carving up of Ireland?

In 1914, when Home Rule was imminent, the Orangemen protested that they would prefer to see the Kaiser in Ireland than allow the Irish to enjoy even the limited form of self-rule proposed by England. Arms were freely circulated among the bigots, while English officers proclaimed that they would refuse to obey orders to curb Carson's gunmen. They had no such hesitation about firing into a crowd of bystanders when the Irish volunteers ran a cargo of arms at Howth. The war afforded England a pretext for delaying the establishment of Home Rule. This was a disappointment, and Irish patience failed when Sir Edward Carson, the leader of the Orangemen, was appointed to the Cabinet.

Easter Week of 1916 marked the baptism of blood of the Irish republic, and in 1918 the Republicans swept the country. The Republic was proclaimed again and this time with more success. While the I.R.A. (no relation to the bombers who abuse that title today) gallantly fought to destroy English power in Ireland, the people courageously refused all co-operation with British officialdom. Republican courts governed Ireland. The rule of Dublin Castle had broken down. In vain Lloyd George and Hamar Greenwood poured armed ruffians into tortured Ireland. The people held firm.

At last, after refusing even to discuss the republic, Lloyd George found himself forced to call a conference at which full freedom could be considered. Lloyd George, how-



Eamon de Valera, Irish Premier, places a wreath on the graves of the men killed in the uprising of Easter Week, 1916

Wide World Photo

ever, proved to be too much for the Irish delegates. He presented them with an ultimatum. Accept a treaty which erected a "Free State" and called for a plebiscite regarding part of Ulster, or else face immediate and terrible war. Up to this the English had been maintaining the fiction that there was no war between Ireland and England but only repression of armed rebels who were disturbing the peace. The threat behind the war threat was destruction by bombardment of Dublin and Cork. The delegates signed. De Valera repudiated the delegation, but Dail Eireann after a heated session accepted the treaty by a small majority and the Free State came into being.

What about the plebiscite concerning Ulster? It was never held. The Orangemen realized that a fair plebiscite would unmask their pretensions to represent Ulster and complained so bitterly that English authority kindly allowed them to separate from the Free State without benefit of a plebiscite.

On what principle was this separation arranged? On the principle that as much must be torn away from bleeding Ireland as was compatible with Orange domination. As the Orangemen realized that if they took all Ulster their power would be endangered, they left three Ulster counties with the Free State and took six counties to form their puppet state. They included as many nationalist sections as they dared without losing control. The Nationalists claim that two of the six counties would have certainly rejected partition and that a third would be doubtful, thus leaving three or four counties by themselves—a sight so ridiculous that even England would see the absurdity of the situation.

Time has only accentuated the evils of partition. The English themselves have admitted that the "Wee State"—as Irish wit termed the six counties—is badly misgoverned. Bigotry enjoys full sway in unliberated Ireland. While the dubious honor of inventing the gerrymander belongs to America, the Orangemen have carried it to lengths which would certainly cause Mr. Elbridge Gerry to open his eyes in amazement. The electoral districts are cleverly arranged to keep the number of Nationalist candidates down.

Contrast the conditions in liberated Ireland where Protestants and Jews alike hail the tolerant spirit of Irish democracy. The election of Dr. Douglas Hyde, a Protestant Gaelic scholar, as President is an eloquent commentary on the Orange claim that "Home rule means Rome rule." On the subject of toleration, let me quote Rev. A. Gudansky, chief Rabbi, speaking in the Dublin synagogue on the occasion of the installation of the President:

"Basking in the sunshine of a system of government which is the nearest approach to the lofty standard of democracy set up by the Divine Law, we cannot but feel the deepest love and affection for this blessed land." (*Irish Press*, June 27, 1938). Such statements from non-Catholics are not at all uncommon.

The Protestants of the Six Counties have no valid reason to fear persecution were Ireland to regain her territorial integrity. Indeed, so anxious are Irishmen to put an end to partition that they are willing to make every allowance for local self-government for the Orangemen within the Irish State.

WHY does England maintain this puppet state in Northern Ireland? To keep a foothold in Ireland. To prevent by force the separation of Ireland from the British Empire. According to the Statute of Westminster, Ireland could proclaim her independence at any time. Indeed, according to the Irish constitution adopted in 1937, there is no link between Ireland and England. Constitutionally the two nations are separate. The only tie binding Ireland to England today is a simple act of the Dail designating King George VI as a figurehead for foreign affairs. This act could be repealed at any time by a simple majority of the Dail. Why then does not the Dail immediately sever this last tenuous link with Great Britain? Ah! There is the reason England maintains the puppets of Stormont. Ireland does not wish to proclaim the Republic until her territorial integrity is assured, until the wound of partition is healed. England realizes that Ireland has a right to withdraw from the Empire (she made no objection to the Constitution of 1937 which ignored England completely). She also

realizes the strength of republican sentiment in Ireland. Her only grasp on Ireland now is through partition, through the garrison at Belfast. And that is why England leaves herself open to the charge of being an aggressor nation.

Of course it is true that there are a number in the North who would bitterly protest against union with the rest of Ireland and still more bitterly object to an independent Irish republic. While this fact will present some difficulty to Irish statesmen, it is certainly not a valid objection to Ireland's case. After all it does not seem fair that a small minority should be allowed to keep a nation enslaved and divided. If that principle prevails, a large aggressor nation can and will use any group of malcontents to keep a small country in subjection. Germany, incidentally, has already exploited the potentialities of such leverage with considerable success. There is no good reason why the democratic principle that the majority rules should not be applied to Ireland. We Americans who fought a long and bloody war to safeguard our union should surely be the last to sympathize with the Northern Irish separatists. They amount to a foreign garrison on Irish soil. The Northern puppet State is a monstrosity which would soon fall were English support withdrawn.

In the past years Anglo-Irish relations have improved considerably. The fact that England made no objection to the adoption of the Constitution of 1937, the end of the trade war, the withdrawal of the last British soldiers from the 26 counties, the sympathy Ireland naturally feels for a country engaged in a just war, all tend to create friendship for the old enemy. If England could make a generous gesture, end partition, and allow Ireland to go its own way in peace, she would gain in Ireland a friend whose free co-operation would be worth far more to England than the reluctant service of an oppressed nation. More, she would be doing good to her own soul, she would gain in moral strength; for after all, it is slightly ridiculous to pose as the defender of small nations against Nazi-Fascist aggressors and at the same time keep open the running sore of partition in Ireland.

Salazar and the Church

By E. F. BARRETT, JR.

PORTUGAL'S recently ratified Concordat with the Holy See rivals the Lateran Treaty of 1929 in historical significance. This is true in spite of the fact that the Concordat itself contains no extraordinary provisions. In many respects its provisions suggest the Italian Concordat which followed the Lateran Treaty. But the Portuguese document is a remarkable contribution to the unique Christian State which Portugal is quietly developing in peace while a European War thunders all around her.

This "New State," largely the work of Portugal's Catholic statesman, Dr. Salazar, is avowedly based on Christian social and political principles. Its Constitution of 1933, its Statute of National Labor, and its Corporative System have been repeatedly hailed as practical applications of the Papal Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. From such sources Dr. Salazar sought the inspiration for a regime which avoids false Liberalism as well as pagan Totalitarianism.

The Concordat of 1940 is the logical complement of the work already done. By it, Portugal seeks to guarantee to her people the free, effective, and continuous operation of the Catholic influence which alone preserves her present political ideology from Liberalism and Totalitarianism alike and gives to her government whatever claim it may have to a unique character in Europe today. If, as some of her enthusiastic apologists have claimed, Portugal is, in embryo, the "Christian State of the Twentieth Century," her present "Peace with the Pope" assumes profound importance, truly comparable with the Lateran settlement.

The skill and the patience with which the way was prepared for the present Concordat are no surprise to those who are familiar with the statesmanship of Portugal's leader. When Dr. Salazar took office, Portugal was less than twenty years removed from the inauguration of the anti-clerical Republic whose founders boasted that their legislation "would completely eliminate Catholicism in Portugal within two generations," and that "in a few years no one in Portugal would want to be a priest."

Portugal had passed through an anti-clerical period similar to that of France after 1905. The same phenomena appeared. They ranged from confiscation of religious property, expulsion of the religious orders and destruction of seminaries, to prohibitions against public processions and the silencing of

church bells. All this came, of course, in the name of "Separation of State and Church." The effectiveness of the campaign can be appreciated in the pathetic reference to Portugal as a "Mission Country" in a pastoral of the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon a few years ago. It was clear that the Republican regime had meant to scrap utterly the old Catholic tradition of the country and seek elsewhere the inspiration of the new regime.

Dr. Salazar, one-time seminary student and vigorous exponent of Catholic Action in the days of the Republic, deliberately reversed the Republican process. Rigorous logician and keenly aware of the part played by Catholicism in the historical development of Portugal, he realized that the nature of that historical development did not permit him to ignore Catholicism in his calculations. No Latin statesman can do so. Catholicism must be either destroyed completely as a vital force or it must be accepted with all its consequences. The Republicans had chosen the first alternative. Salazar frankly acknowledged Catholicism, not merely as a useful national tradition, but as a twentieth-century force, rich enough in spiritual, cultural, and social content to furnish inspiration for a "New State" in keeping with the demands of Portugal as a twentieth-century nation. "The moral and spiritual regeneration of the country," he said in 1936, "is more important than economic reconstruction. In the New Portugal, neither God nor virtue can be called in question. Religion and truth are for us a social necessity. The power of the State is to be checked by the limitations which the moral law imposes."



Dr. Oliveira Salazar, Premier of Portugal

The Constitution of 1933 clearly reveals Dr. Salazar's determination to build in Portugal a Christian State. Its inspiration is obviously Catholic in character. The State acknowledges that its own sovereignty is limited by the natural law; it recognizes that the family is the basic unit of the social organism, and that as such, it has rights which the state is bound to respect and protect; it provides for a system of education of which religious and moral training is to be an integral part.

The Statute of National Labor of 1933 is a remarkable attempt to reconstruct the economic life of a modern state along the lines suggested by *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*, and developed by the "Social Christian School" of the last century. The "vocational group" system envisioned by the Popes, the principle of collective bargaining, the minimum wage, the family wage, the protection of women and children from the ravages of the competitive industrial system all are to be found in this inspired document.

Anti-clericals and Catholic extremists alike found objections to Salazar's work. The former professed to detect a "theocratic" element about to capture Portugal. The latter deplored the fact that so little of a material character had been done for the Church itself by a regime apparently sympathetic to Catholicism and under the leadership of a man who was himself a devout Catholic. Salazar was at pains to point out that no hasty reunion of State and Church was contemplated. "It is harmful to the development and purity of religious life for politics to enter into religious matters," he declared. He preferred first to weave Catholic principles into the texture of his "New State."

But it would have been inconsistent to have adopted Catholicism as the inspiration of the new regime, while leaving the Catholic Church itself still laboring under the humiliations of the Republican regime which denied to her opportunities for effective action in the national life of Portugal. The Concordat of 1940, ratified in the very year in which Portugal is celebrating the eighth centenary of her independence, is the solution of the problem.

"We have borne in mind," said Salazar, upon presenting the Concordat to the Assembly for approval, "two realities—the Catholic formation of the Portuguese people, and the fact that the Catholic character of the nation has been a constant factor throughout their history."

The provisions of the Concordat may, therefore, be considered in two groups. The first consists of provisions designed to remove substantially the grievances remaining from the Republican regime. Particularly important are the property settlements. All property taken from the Church and still in the State's possession is to be restored to the ownership of the Church. To this there are three exceptions—property used in the public service, property in the form of historical monuments, and property in state or local museums. Property of the last two classes is to remain in the State's ownership, but the Church is to have the use of it in perpetuity and the cost of its maintenance, repair, and restoration is to be borne by the State. Church property now in museums is to be made available for religious ceremonies on request by the ecclesiastical authorities of the district where the museum is located. Former church property now in private hands may be returned to the Church, without tax, within six months after ratification of the Concordat.

CHURCH buildings, institutions for clerical education, and property used in connection with the practice of the Catholic faith are exempt from all taxation. A similar exemption is extended to ecclesiastics engaged in the discharge of their sacred duties. No church properties, buildings, or religious objects may be applied by the State to non-religious purposes without the consent of the Church. If such properties are taken by the State during public emergencies, such as war, fire, or flood, proper indemnification must be paid. In no case is the property to be appropriated until it has been deprived of its sacred character.

Ecclesiastics are exempt from jury service and from military service except as chaplains, or, in time of war, as relief workers. An adequate staff of military chaplains is to be provided under a Bishop appointed by the Holy See upon agreement

with the Government. The seal of the confessional must be respected by the civil courts, and the State is to extend to ecclesiastics discharging their duties the same protection as it affords to State officials. Unauthorized use of ecclesiastical or religious dress is subject to the same penalties as the unlawful use of the uniforms of the public services. The Church is to have full authority to practice all religious acts in private or in public, subject only to police and traffic regulations.

But the Concordat does more than remove old impediments to effective spiritual activity. The second group of its provisions vitalizes the already distinctly Christian features of the Constitution. This is particularly true of the sections dealing with Education. The Constitution of 1933 provided for religious instruction in the schools. The Concordat amplifies and makes practical this provision. As for private schools, the Church is free to establish and maintain them without prior authorization from the Government. No special authorization is required for the teaching of religion in such private schools. They are, however, subject to State supervision, may be subsidized by the Government and given official recognition. Seminaries and higher institutions of learning are not subject to State control. They must furnish lists of texts used, except those in philosophy and theology. In special subjects, such as history, "the patriotic sentiments of the nation must be taken into account" by the proper authorities.

In the State or public schools, the Catholic religion and Catholic morals are to be taught to all pupils whose parents do not formally object. All textbooks used in courses in religion or morals must first be approved by the ecclesiastical authorities. Teachers for such courses are to be appointed by the State in agreement with the Church. In no case is religious instruction to be ministered by persons not approved as competent by proper religious authority.

The Constitution of 1933 recognizes the importance and sacred character of the family, as the source of the maintenance and development of the race, the primary basis of education, discipline, and social harmony, and, by its associa-

tion and representation in the parish and the town, the foundation of all political and administrative order. The Concordat strengthens this provision. It declares that all marriages celebrated in conformity with Canon Law are to have full civil effect upon filing the record of the marriage with the civil authorities. Article XXIV puts an end to divorce so far as Catholic marriages are concerned.

The Concordat further guarantees the full juridical status of the Church and the legal personality of religious associations, corporations, or institutions formed by the Church in conformity with the provisions of Canon Law.

Archbishops, bishops, coadjutors *cum jure successionis*, parish priests, assistants, rectors of seminaries, and superiors of associations endowed with legal personality, must be Portuguese citizens. The Holy See, before appointing a bishop, is to submit the name of the person chosen to the Portuguese Government in order to ascertain whether there is any objection of a general political character to that person. If the Government makes no representation of the subject within thirty days, it is to be understood that no objection is raised.

Appended to the Concordat is an agreement concerning missions in the Portuguese colonies. The agreement provides for State aid to seminaries engaged in the training of missionaries. In addition to such subsidies, the State is to grant, free of charge, to Catholic missions in the colonies, such land as may be available and required for their work. When the number of Portuguese missionaries is not sufficient for the mission work, the Bishop of the missionary diocese concerned, by agreement with the Government and the Holy See, may admit missionaries from foreign countries. Such missionaries must declare themselves willing to be subject to Portuguese laws and courts.

The Government also agrees to continue a system of pensions for retired members of missionary staffs and to members of the secular missionary clergy. Granting complete recognition of the legal personality of missionary establishments, the Government guarantees that the Portuguese Catholic Missions may freely expand their activities in ac-



Small Portuguese sailboats loaded with cargoes of port wine

cordance with the purposes for which they were created. The Holy See, in its turn, is to exert its authority to the end that the Portuguese missionary bodies shall intensify the conversion of the natives and the missionary apostleship.

Thus does Portugal return to the historic role of her great Christian Kings of the sixteenth century, who, in the words of Portugal's epic poet, Camoens, in the *Lusiads*, "worked to spread the Faith and the Realm."

The great question of the future for Portugal is whether her evidently authoritarian regime will end up in the morass of totalitarianism. The one force that can prevent such a catastrophe is Catholicism. Thanks to Dr. Salazar, Portugal's present political institutions already bear the stamp of Christian influences. The Concordat, therefore, is a "re-insurance treaty" that Portugal will not rest content with an arid recital of noble Christian principles in its Constitutional laws, but that the great force which alone can vitalize those principles in the lives of her people will have the fullest opportunity to do so.

In Dr. Salazar's own words: "there are only three points which might render impossible an agreement between the State and the Church, since they relate to essential points of doctrine: the recognition of a moral code which has pre-existed and is greater than the State itself, the principles of family life and of education. The Constitution of 1933 whose foresight we are now in a position to appreciate, removed from the Portuguese State the temptation of omnipotence and moral irrespon-

sibility, and, with regard to the Church's part in the formation of the family and in the education of youth, acknowledged that mystery and power of the Infinite demanded by Christian consciences, and which we could only have denied through abject imitation. To have gone beyond that and to have made greater concessions would have been to shut our eyes to the lively facts of our times; not to have gone so far would have been not to recognize the just demands of liberty and the need of a Christian structure for Portugal.

"If, therefore, honestly and in good faith, we have arrived at a formula of respect and collaboration between a modern, balanced State and the Catholic Church, we should rejoice for our own sakes in the first place, and also because we are hereby contributing to the solution of the problems so much at issue in a world breaking up by the force of error or of arms, and which must be re-created 'in Spirit and in Truth!'

"With the strength and keenness of a renewed State, we now turn again to one of the great sources of inspiration of our national life, and, without losing sight in any way of the material progress of our age and all the conquests of civilization, our spiritual position remains the same as it was eight centuries ago."

Pregnant with greater meaning now than ever before, is the escutcheon in Portugal's flag with its symbols of the five wounds of Jesus Christ and of the thirty pieces of silver for which He was sold unto our redemption.



Peking's war-scarred walls and towers offer a striking background for the author, a modern messenger of peace to unhappy China

The Legend of The Sobbing Bell

By WILLIAM WHELAN, C.P.

PEKING is surrounded by a wall about forty feet high and thirty broad, marked with embrasures and pierced with loopholes. Not much protection in these days of planes and high explosives and heavy artillery, but once a formidable barrier, when conquering invaders depended on spears and arrows and swords, battering rams and scaling ladders.

Along the northern wall I rode

one day, gazing at the battlements and dreaming of the warriors of long ago who once manned the walls and towers, when suddenly I came upon a company of soldiers standing at ease on the road before me, one of whom was playfully pointing his rifle toward the wall. Looking where he aimed I saw one of his companions halfway up the perpendicular surface, climbing by means of the chinks and holes

where the mortar had broken away, and this despite his rough army brogans.

I did not have time to remain to see if he reached the top, (if he did not I feel sorry for him, not knowing how he could again reach the bottom) but I rode away with the desire half formed to go and do likewise. Not that I cared to climb as he did, but I did want to get to the top of the wall.

A FEW days later I did, using an ancient ramp, and was rewarded with my first real glimpse of the country outside the city. Accustomed as I was to streets crowded with rickshas, bikes, donkey carts, and military trucks, and to alleys filled with peddlers and children, the sight of level fields, winding roads, and a meandering stream, was an unlooked-for delight. The desire to climb the wall was superseded by a desire to ride out into the country, into space where one could stretch without begging someone's pardon for knocking his hat off. The same desire being shared by one of my companions, off we went one bright afternoon, taking as our objective an old temple six miles or so from Peking, said to house the largest hanging bell in the world.

Out the north gate we went, using bicycles as usual, and following the stream I had seen from the wall. Chinese women, taking advantage of the mild weather, were doing their family wash, squatting on the rocks, dipping the clothes in the water, and beating the dirt out of them with a short club, like a policeman's night stick, only stouter. Confronted by a fork in the road, we hesitated. On our right the path led toward some buildings guarded by barbed wire, plus a sentry on duty. On our left the way veered away from the direction in which we wanted to go. Because the former looked more interesting I headed toward the sentry, not knowing my companion had stopped to ask directions from a Chinese.

Past the soldier I went, trying to look unconcerned, until I heard his shout. Meekly enough I dismounted and walked over to him. He spoke in Japanese and I did not understand; I spoke in English and he did not understand. I stammered a word or two of newly learned Chinese and he called into the guardhouse. Out came a second soldier with gun and fixed bayonet. Once again we tried and no one understood. The second man called into the guardhouse and out came a third fellow likewise with gun and fixed bayonet.

As each bayonet appeared my courage ebbed a bit more. The sight of three of them about a foot away from my face made me long

once more for the open spaces where I could stretch without scratching my hand on uninviting steel, so I politely bowed, murmured something about "thinking the road went this way" and retraced my steps as gracefully as I could. My companion informed me that I was trying to make my way into a Japanese garrison!

Taking the turn to the left, we slowly picked our way along ancient paving stones, passing farm lands and brick kilns. Wondering at the baked appearance of the soil, which seemed to have burned itself out from centuries of producing under a hot sun, we finally reached the temple.

I used to imagine Chinese temples as dark, mysterious, incense-smelling places, with a golden Buddha flanked by queer-looking idols. Maybe some of them are, but not this one! It is a tumble-down dwelling, well removed from the highway, and much the worse for the wear and tear of a couple of hundred years.

We stepped through the rickety gateway and entered a forlorn-looking courtyard. Instantly two yelping dogs came running toward us, followed by a woman brandishing a meat cleaver. Quite a reception! But it turned out that, though the dogs were after us, the woman was after the dogs. (No, they were not her evening meal.)

ACCOMPANIED by a man and a boy, we went to see the great bell. To our ears came the sound of subdued chanting, issuing from one of the low-built houses which clustered about the temple.

Hanging from strong wooden rafters and covered with oracles from the sacred books of China, the Great Bell is indeed massive, but so gracefully molded that it does not impress one with a sense of its gigantic proportions.

"Has America got a bell like this?" the man asked.

"Oh no," we said, trying to make him feel good.

"That's right," he answered. "China is a big country; a small country couldn't make a bell like this."

The bell has no tongue. It is rung by being struck with a log suspended from a chain. The man

rang the bell for our benefit. The tone was deep in the bass, emitting a sound that was pleasant even at that close range, and continuing to vibrate for several full minutes. Just before the sound died away, the last few vibrations issued from the cavernous depths with a peculiar sobbing effect. My companion turned to the guide and asked: "Is that the maiden?" The man grunted a reply.

The visit was soon over, and after following a short cut that led us into plenty of mud, we returned home with nothing more interesting than a flat tire. Fortunately, this did not plague us until we turned into Yang Fang Hutung.

What did my companion mean by asking, as the sobbing of the bell died away: "Is that the maiden?"

• • • • •
A COUPLE of centuries ago there was a kind-hearted, elderly man by the name of Lee. Lee was a bell-maker and so good at his trade that in all the environs of Peking no molder could produce sweeter-toned bells than he. The Emperor, hearing of his prowess, sent for him and told him to mold a bell of such and such dimensions for the royal use. Lee was staggered for a moment, for never in his long career had he heard of a bell of such a size. But since it would not do to cross the imperial wishes he bowed his acquiescence and set to work.

A few months of hard labor for all concerned, and the finished product was ready for the test. But as Lee raised his hammer and struck, with a hand that trembled in his excitement, his heart missed a beat. As sometimes happens when a bell is ill-cast, a sound came forth as unpleasant to hear as the noise of a knife scratched across a window pane.

Lee set to work again, had his men sweating and his fires roaring and his bronze pouring, and in not too long a time had a second bell ready to take the place of the first. Once again the test, and once again Lee's heart skipped a beat while his helpers shuddered. The wail of the loneliest wolf on the darkest night was as sweet music compared to the mournful sound that came from the bronze mass that hung before them!

The Emperor sent for Lee. "One more chance," he said. "You'll give me my bell or I'll take your head."

In his anxiety the venerable bell-maker did what he did not know was wrong to do—he went to consult a soothsayer! And the dabbler in the occult had only this message for him: "Until the blood of a virgin is mixed with the molten metal you shall cast your bronze in vain!"

Lee neither understood the words of the fortune teller, nor did he hope to fulfill the Emperor's request. He turned for comfort to his one prize possession, an only daughter, a maid of tender years. Into her understanding heart he poured his tale of woe, little dreaming of the thoughts he stirred when he repeated the prophecy of the magician. "Father," his child advised, "cast the bell once more and do not fear!"

With heavy heart Lee returned to his task, and soon all was ready for the third casting. The molds were set, the fires roaring, the metal simmering, white with heat. Suddenly, upon the heavy beams supporting the cauldrons, the bell-maker's daughter appeared, clothed in her finest attire, making her way toward the heated furnaces.

"Daughter," cried Lee in a spasm of fear, "go back, go back!"

But the maiden paused just long enough to say: "Father, it is for thy sake I do this," and running, she leaped into the seething metal. What was it the soothsayer had said? "Until the blood of a virgin is mixed with the molten metal!"

The testing day dawned bright and clear, and before the sun was many hours on its course, the bell-maker, surrounded by his workmen and a throng of lookers-on, stood once more before a massive bell. There was no tremor now as he raised his hand to strike, for what cared he if the bell was a success or a failure. His head was not so dear to him as the only child who was interred in this fantastic resting place. Down came the blow, and the crowd sighed its relief. From the full throat of the bell came a pleasing tone, pitched in deep bass and falling pleasantly on the ear. For five long minutes the sound reverberated. Then, just before dying away, it trembled on the air with a peculiar throbbing, like the sobbing of one in deep distress. Lee threw down his hammer, and turning, ran into his house, as unchecked tears welled up in his eyes, while the



Frs. Leonard and Aloysius pause for tea

workmen whispered in awe-struck tones: "It is the maiden!"

Thus it happened that for centuries, as the Great Bell, struck only when the Emperor so wished, sent its notes booming across the fields, the kindly folk of Peking would pause; and as the sound would die away, with its peculiar throbbing effect, they would say to one another: "*Ai yah! Hear the maiden sobbing in the bell!*"

Lucy

Rosemary



Beatrice

Anna

THE WUKI VARSITY

Who would believe that these are four girls?

As we go to press no one has yet guessed 100%. Almost everyone took them all for boys.

And there's Father Francis backing up the line for these little ones of Christ. Help us to help him carry on.

Out of the Abundance of the Heart

By SISTER M. CARITA

Illustrated by WEDA YAP

IT WAS a midsummer evening, and we were dog-weary after the heat and work of the day. The children were in bed. Sister and I asked only for a space of quiet and a cooling breeze before going to our rooms for the night. But muffled sounds were being wafted from the girls' dormitory to our tiny veranda; and



I told myself ruefully that I'd have to go to them, to remind them of the rule of silence. Reluctantly, I began to pull myself out of the rocker, paused a moment, then

fell back again. For the voices were distinct now.

Was it really Mary Wen speaking? My easy-going, lazy, lovable Mary; she who never finishes what she begins, but who is an angel of kindness with the sick. And what had she just said?—"If we're good only because Sister is looking, then we're hypocrites!" A strong word, hypocrite; strong enough to pull me back into my chair when half way out of it.



Then another corner of the dormitory came to life, and Sabina's voice was as decisive as her own efficient little self.

"Mary's right," she agreed. "If we're good for the sake of praise, we're like these pulchres in the gospel, white outside and rotten in the middle. What was it Father said today?—Oh, that coffins look nice, but they're full of dead men's bones!"

Catherine broke in, and her words brought her face so vividly before me in the darkness that I could almost see her dark eyes, alight with life and humor. "Let's forget about coffins," she was counselling, "or we'll be seeing spooks for the rest of the night. Instead, let's make a resolution to be good. Otherwise, we'll be like the hypocrites and coffins—just a lot of noise!"

In the hubbub that followed, no one seemed to think



Catherine's metaphor either far-fetched or startling. Barbara finally gained the popular ear, only because her voice was shriller than all the others together. "Listen to me!" she kept commanding. "Listen to me!" And, after a while, they actually did listen.

Was ever exhortation given in a similar setting? Chief mischief-maker in the school, her rostrum was a bed, and her audience dressed in their night clothes and leaning on their elbows. "Schoolmates!" she cried. "And I mean you little kids, too! Beginning tomorrow morning, we jump out of bed at the sound of the gong. Do you hear? No more making believe, for that gong can wake the dead. And when the bell rings for Mass, we run to our place. Understand? Run's the word, not creep! And silence for breakfast means silence for breakfast. And doing a charge means doing a charge. And taking care of a younger girl means really taking care of her. You little ones, don't forget you ought to honor and respect us big ones." (Barbara is twelve.) "And you big ones, being good doesn't mean going around with a long face. It means doing as



well as we can all that we ought to do, and doing it for God's sake."

She paused for breath. No comment or applause spoiled the ensuing silence. Too young to interpret aright this reaction, she asked at length in a very weak voice, "Wasn't I any good?" And the spell



was broken by a response so swift and generous that even Barbara must have been satisfied.

Then Susanna's slow, careful tones made a bid for attention. Barbara's senior by four years, she put into her words all the persuasive inflections of an old, old lady admonishing a loved and naughty child. "Barbara," she said, "you've spoken well. But you want us to begin tomorrow. Why not begin tonight? Don't you realize that we're all breaking silence, and that disobedience isn't the basis for good resolutions?"



"True!" exclaimed Veronica. And the tubular mosquito netting rising all around her gave her surprise just the right note of awe. "True!" she exclaimed again. And ripples of low laughter echoed her own awakening. "Girls, where do you suppose Sister is?" she continued.



And so she induced a new mood, one of mischief. For, all over the dormitory children were whispering, "Sh! Make believe we're asleep! Sh! When Sister comes, remember we're all asleep! Sh! Sh! Sh! . . ." A few soft giggles. A few elephantine snores.

No longer tired and forgetting the heat, I excused myself to Sister and sped around the corner to the entrance of the dormitory. The heavy silence there would have frightened me had I not overheard and understood its inception.

But, having overheard and understood, I was singing in my own heart, "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth

speaketh!" Hadn't the Master Himself rebuked the Pharisees, "How can you speak good things, whereas you are evil?" These Chinese children had passed with honors a very stringent test.

So, content and very grateful, I called across the threshold, "God bless you, children! And Our Lady keep you!"



The Slaying of The Dragon

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

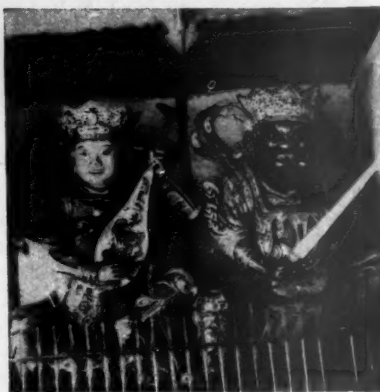
THIS city of Dragon Rapids, or rather this overgrown town, is different from all or nearly all other places in our mission district. Whereas other places have a few rich citizens and a majority of poor, here it is just the opposite. At least forty per cent of the town's people are wealthy, another thirty per cent are sure of a living, and only the minority belong to the very poor.

These facts have a great influence on the work of the Church in Lungtan (Lungtan is Chinese for "Dragon Rapids".) Conversions have been few, practically all from amongst the poor, and most of these have come to the Church for material rather than spiritual benefits. Of course, as is usually the case, after studying the Catholic doctrine for a while these people's minds are opened and they come to see the real purpose of the Church in China,—*primarily* the conversion of souls, and only *secondarily* the works of charity.

But amongst the vast majority of the people the wrong opinion prevails. They make the mistake of thinking that the Catholic Church is the Church of the poor, and of the poor only. Yet they can hardly be blamed for their ignorance. They go by what they see, and they notice that there is scarcely one educated or well-to-do person in Lungtan who is a member of the Church.

Another thing about Lungtan is that it is a very clannish town. Out of every ten inhabitants eight belong to the "Sen" tribe. Unless your name is Sen you will not get very far here. You will not be able to buy many rice fields, for no one by the name of Sen will sell them to anyone of a different name. I have been told that the Sen clan held a meeting some years ago in which it was decided that none of them would ever sell fields or houses to an outsider, and the Catholic Mission was included in that resolution.

Much prayer on the part of the



Swashbuckling rulers of Dragon City

Christians brought a solution. The owners of a very fine place offered to share it with us, at so much per year. They didn't have any altruistic motives. It was simply a question either of having soldiers constantly billeted in their place—which is much too big for their personal use—and getting nothing but troubles in return, or having the Catholic Mission, with no trouble, and the advantage of some rent besides.

For years the Catholic Church has made very slow progress here. During some years there were not even half a dozen converts. The missionary was at times most discouraged, and for a while we even considered closing this Mission. That is, a resident missionary would no longer be stationed here. Perhaps this decision was postponed by the recollection of a missionary's experience in some other country, where no converts were made in twenty years. The missionary was just preparing the ground. After two decades had passed the whole town was converted in a couple of years. At any rate we have always "hung on" to Lungtan, hoping and praying for better days.

Thank God we did! For now something has happened here in Lungtan. Something that has made it more than worthwhile to "hang on." Before I tell you what hap-

pened, however, I must stress two points. The first is that "the ages of miracles (pseudo-scientists please note) have not passed." The second is that, whilst I believe a real miracle has taken place, it is not for me but for competent authorities to judge. And now to the story.

One of the wealthiest of the wealthy Sen clan is the father of eight children, and the owner of a fine house and extensive rice fields. About six weeks ago his wife became seriously ill. She ran a high fever, and the husband sent someone to the Mission for a heavy dose of quinine. Mrs. Sen took the quinine and the next day was much worse. Then I was asked to come to see her. After arriving at the place and asking some questions, I soon discovered that her's was a case of typhoid fever. Lacking the proper medicines, we did the best we could to reduce her fever. She began very gradually to improve.

Mr. Sen knows a great deal about the Catholic Church,—more than most ordinary Catholics here. He is an avid reader of instructional and devotional books, and owns more than a hundred of them. For some years he has considered joining the Church, but several things have held him back. Firstly, it would mean too great a loss of "face."

Besides that, even granted that he could swallow so big a lump of pride, his wife, who is a very fervent pagan, would not agree. She would not give him a moment's peace. There would be no hope of the eight little Sens ever becoming Catholics. And then, to top it all, Mr. Sen is an opium smoker. He would like to quit the habit—which he would have to do before becoming a Catholic—but he would like to do so without inconvenience.

Some months ago Mr. Sen was visiting me. As usual he told me of his admiration of the Church's teachings and good works.

"But, Mr. Sen," I asked him, "do you really believe that the Catholic

Church is the One True Church?"

"Yes, Father, I cannot deny that, and I know that I should be a Catholic."

"Then, Mr. Sen, why don't you follow your conscience? Once you take the big step you'll be a happy man and your heart will be at peace. But if you do not follow your conscience, if you do not that which in your heart you have known for a long time you ought to do, you will not find peace in this world nor will you save your soul. Besides that, I fear the good Lord will soon get tired of waiting for one whom He has called so long, and perhaps you will be punished severely in this life, as well as in the next, for not heeding His call."

Although he didn't like to hear them at all, these words made a deep impression on him. He said little more, but left for home. When his wife became seriously ill a few months later he was convinced the Lord was punishing him. What

further on how she had reasons to believe it) and before long she too began to promise that she would become a Catholic,—at least if she were cured. Mrs. Sen was then not yet in grave danger.

But now Mrs. Sen's mother and her younger brother arrived on the scene. At least it turned out to be a "scene." They did not at all take to the "foreigner" and his medical methods. First of all, there were the cold compresses. Who ever heard of such treatment for fevers! Though the weather was very warm, they insisted on covering the sick woman with a heavy quilt. Then they called in a local "doctor" who gave a prescription which caused profuse sweatings. Mrs. Sen promptly got worse.

Grandma then had recourse to all sorts of superstitious practices. Millions of dollars were burned! Fake money, of course. All kinds of prayers and petitions were written on slips of paper and pasted about

Since I had not been told (for fear I would drop the case) about the local doctors and their herbs, and about the various superstitions, I was at a loss to understand the bad turn Mrs. Sen had taken.

In the meanwhile the whole town had heard about the matter. People stood in consternation. Surely the "foreigner" was killing the poor woman with his treatments. He actually put cold rags on her head! Three or four times a day he called, and often two or three times during the night, not leaving her alone long enough to call a bonze to the bedside, to expel the god of fevers. And he didn't do much more than put a "cold heat watch" (thermometer) in her mouth, and look at it.

To add to all the troubles, Mr. Sen and Grandma and the brother-in-law and several other members of the family began to argue and to fight. Mr. Sen insisted that no more "doctors" be called in. He raved if someone even mentioned any superstition. As soon as someone took down the picture of the Sacred Heart he put it up again; and whenever anyone pasted a superstitious note over the bed, or the door of the room, (to ward off the evil gods and invite the good ones) he tore it down. "This is my home and my wife and I want none of your superstition. Don't call any of your devils into this house! Let them stay where they are, and if you think so much of them you can join them! I put my trust in the 'Lord of Heaven'. If my wife is cured I'll be forever grateful, and if she dies it is my own fault for not becoming a Catholic much sooner."

Still Mrs. Sen kept getting worse, until she was in real danger. One morning one of the little girls (aged six) came to me. She had a little speech all prepared and began: "Senn-fu (Father), you know mama is very sick, and we don't know wh-what to-to-to do! And . . . and, and so we ask th. . ."

End of speech! She threw herself into my arms and cried, "Please help mama get better!"

The case was getting too complicated for me. I was terribly worried not only over Mrs. Sen but also over the repercussions throughout the town; and the stories Grandma would spread after her daughter died! What would become of the Mission?

(To be concluded next issue)



The missionary of Lungtan, with orphans of his former Mission in Paotsing

would become of his eight youngsters if she died? Why had he not sooner followed the dictates of his conscience?

He began by asking the priest to offer Holy Mass for his wife's recovery. And he promised that he would, no matter what happened, become a Catholic. He borrowed a picture of the Sacred Heart and hung it up in a place where his wife could constantly see it. Then he began to tell her not to bank on powerless pagan gods to help her, but that her only hope was in the One, All-Powerful God. She began to realize this truth (and we shall see

the house. She must have called on every god in Hades, but none of them would help. Perhaps, she thought, the picture of the Sacred Heart displeased the gods; so she removed it. She did not touch the relic of the Little Flower (to whom this Mission is dedicated) which we had pinned on Mrs. Sen's clothes. Don't ask me why she didn't. The only natural explanation I can give is that Grandma is blind in one eye. Nothing that the old woman did was of any avail. Another "doctor" was called and another concoction given the sick woman, but still she got worse.

STAGE AND SCREEN

By JERRY COTTER



Errol Flynn and Olivia DeHavilland play the leading roles in "Santa Fe Trail," an entertaining historical film

THE recent action of the Bishops' Committee on Motion Pictures in urging Catholics to become more active in crusading for the cause of cleaner motion pictures comes at a most opportune time.

It is evident even to the casual attendant that the moral restrictions in force for the past six years are being slowly, but steadily, cast aside in favor of the more sensational and offensive type of production. Not all of the considerable ground gained by the Legion of Decency has been lost, but there is a definite trend toward the practices and evils which finally forced the hand of those interested in preserving some semblance of morality and decency on the screen.

There is a considerable number of motion picture people who are determined to maintain standards that will result in a greater measure of respect for the industry and financial gain for its members. Though audiences may be patient for a long time with the double-meaning dialogue, the immoral situation, and the sacrilegious incident, there is a certain point beyond which the industry should not be permitted to go. That mark has been reached in several recent offerings, and from the indications, the producers fully intend to continue



Paulette Goddard and Charles Butterworth in a scene from "Second Chorus," in which Fred Astaire is starred

the production of films of this nature, regardless of the effect it most assuredly will have on a great portion of the nation's audiences.

Catholic Action may be translated into various phases of our daily life. At the present time, with the moral order threatened seriously on every side, it is doubly important that we maintain a careful check on those responsible for providing our leisure-moment entertainment.

We owe this vigilance to ourselves, and probably even more to others upon whom the moral effect may be disastrous, to protest strongly every violation of the code. To follow such a policy it is not necessary to become a prying reformer, as some will try to have you believe. We Americans have an unholy fear of not being considered "liberal." It is a sadly misused word, but we still insist upon being classed as liberal in our political judgments. We should consider it an equal honor if we can call ourselves conservatives whenever the question of moral standards arises.

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SECOND CHORUS—Paramount—The cinematic fortunes of Fred Astaire should rebound to the heights after this diverting and pleasing musical. Paced at a fast tempo, the spotlight is focused on his abilities as a comedian rather than his acknowledged terpsichorean supremacy. There is an abundance of clean, fresh comedy, proving that humor need not be inelegant to be effective. Charles Butterworth and Burgess Meredith assist in making the performance more enjoyable, but Paulette Goddard remains a rather static personality and hardly satisfactory as a dancing partner for the nimble star. The picture should prove popular with audience groups of all ages.

• • • • •

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR—Paramount—Radio's most publicized comedians, Fred Allen and Jack Benny, have transferred their tiresome war-of-words to the screen with far less than sensational results. As is often the case with puerile publicity ideas, this battle of invectives has long since been stretched beyond the point of boredom with the result that many of their former listeners have been alienated. Replacing the microphone with a camera adds nothing to the reputation of



Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor, and Ruth Hussey appear in "Flight Command," a picture glorifying the U. S. air armada

either star, but it does permit the use of material ordinarily taboo in air scripts. Adults who are not too exacting in their entertainment demands may find a modicum of amusement in the antics of Allen and Benny, but it is not recommended for general audiences.

• • • • •

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—United Artists—For sheer beauty and grandeur this technicolor picturization of a well-known fable surpasses anything the screen has done in this field. Sabu appears as the beggar of Bagdad and Conrad Veidt is a necromancing Grand Vizier, while June Duprez, John Justin, and Rex Ingram are prominently cast. Alexander Korda and his staff have conjured up an amazing series of fantastic illusions transforming the thousand and one nights into a thousand and one eye-filling sights. It can be cheerfully recommended for the youngsters and the older folk who have not lost the sense of thrill.

• • • • •

SANTA FE TRAIL—Warner Bros.—The adventure-some screen personality of Errol Flynn finds outlet in the most remote outpost of civilization of 1854—Fort Leavenworth. It has been filmed in the spectacular style which has characterized the recent output of westerns. A note of serious and profound nature has been inserted by the portrayal of Raymond Massey as John Brown, the abolitionist leader. Educational and entertaining, it provides another thrilling chapter in the saga of American history that has been slowly developing in the Hollywood studios. Olivia DeHavilland, Ronald Reagan, and Alan Hale are prominently cast in a screen play that will satisfy a majority of filmgoers.

• • • • •

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—MGM—Philip Barry's sophisticated satire of the foibles of the Philadelphia Main Line set has been transferred practically intact from stage to screen. It is unfortunate that the writers who have adapted the play have seen fit to retain in their version many of the objectionable features of the original.

Technically the film fails to achieve the spontaneity

that made Barry's play so successful. Abstraction and prolonged discussion have no niche on the screen where the camera's range replaces description with action. Katherine Hepburn returns to the screen with a vital, compelling performance, and Cary Grant, James Stewart, Roland Young, Virginia Weidler, and John Howard are skillful satellites. Most of the Barry dialogue is brilliant and clever, making it doubly unfortunate that a considerable portion of the theme and treatment classifies the production as unsatisfactory.

• • • • •

FLIGHT COMMAND—MGM—Filmed at San Diego and Pensacola with the co-operation of the United States Navy, this thrilling action story glorifies the Armada of the skies, an arm of the fleet destined to



Maurice Evans and Helen Hayes in the Theater Guild production of Shakespeare's comedy, "Twelfth Night"

play an important role in the national defense program. There are many excellent shots of the Air Fleet in action, interwoven with an intelligently developed, though familiar story of the ground activities of the members of the famed Flying Eight squadron. The echelon flying scenes and the performances of Robert Taylor, Walter Pidgeon, and Paul Kelly are worthy of special mention. Timely and spectacular, it holds particular appeal for male audiences.

• • • • •

The happy combination of Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans co-starred in Shakespeare's **TWELFTH NIGHT**, is proving to be one of the outstanding attractions of this season's playbill. Audiences are discovering a "new" Helen Hayes, a mischievous and enchanting comedienne, as thoroughly convincing and appealing as she has ever been before. They are also marveling at the amazing transformation of Maurice Evans, who handles the role of Malvolio with a skill bordering perilously close to perfection.

Twelfth Night is the Bard at his merriest and wittiest, and the Theater Guild, aware of the dire necessity for brightening the current theatrical season with a real success, has given it careful attention and handsome production. Margaret Webster has directed with her usual understanding of what constitutes excellent dramaturgy. Several time-honored and possibly frayed

Shakespearean traditions have been discarded by Miss Webster without detracting from the performance.

However, it is the brilliant matching of characterization by the star-bright cast that must necessarily attract the major portion of the plaudits. Miss Hayes, released from the make-up demands of the court life of *Victoria Regina* and the script banalities of the law court drama, *Ladies and Gentlemen*, frolics through the play in a manner to delight all admirers of the Bard. Probably even more important as news, and more amazing to those who have applauded the artistry and diction of Evans without speculating on his versatility, is the spirited and delightful Malvolio he has created. It is an anachronistic portrayal that brightens the play considerably.

June Walker, Donald Burr, Sophie Stewart, and Wesley Addy add to the general merriment with clear-cut portrayals. The costumes, settings, and music, all contribute toward a highly entertaining evening in the theater. It is one of the few current offerings to be recommended without reservation.

At a time when it appeared hopeless to expect a new play of exceptional fiber or dramatic appeal, Ethel Barrymore made a most welcome entrance in Emlyn Williams' Welsh story, **THE CORN IS GREEN**.

Although it was very favorably received by Londoners when presented there two years ago, the script had been gathering dust in several managerial offices on this side of the ocean. Further proof, if it be needed after this season's debacle, that the drama is being guided by uncertain hands.

An English woman of character and intelligence arrives in a grimy, dismal Welsh town and proceeds to open a school for the youngsters of the section. The obstacles in her path are many, not the least of which is her own selfish motive of playing Lady Bountiful. The eventual discovery of the smoldering talent of a young boy, and the excitement and thrill of helping him develop it into flaming truth and matured judgment, mellow her outlook and she becomes a woman of hope and genuine depth of feeling.

It is a simple story of people whose thoughts and actions are fundamental. Not a great play, it has been greeted with fervid enthusiasm by critics and playgoers alike. The final test of any drama is the response of its audience. Emlyn Williams has secured a most favorable reaction by a combination of inspired writing and sound stagecraft.

Miss Barrymore gives a brilliant performance, her best in many seasons. As might be expected from an actress of her ability, she breathes not only life, but understanding and sympathy into the commanding personality of Miss Möffatt. It is another histrionic triumph for one of the theater's master technicians.

Richard Waring as the young student has been well chosen, and Edmond Breon, Thelma Schnee, and Rosalind Ivan are ideally cast. *The Corn is Green* is adult drama, designed to please devotees of fine playmaking and brilliant acting.

CABIN IN THE SKY, a musical play of Negro life as seen by Lytton Root and John LaTouche, manages to survive only because of the artistry of Ethel Waters, the foremost representative of her race in the theater.

There has been an obvious, but definitely unsuccessful, attempt to emulate the Marc Connelly drama, *Green Pastures*, on a more sensational scale. The sensationalism is present but neither the reverent spirit present in the former play nor even an approach toward capturing the true qualities so evident in the race today is noted. It would seem to be an appropriate time, when democracy and equality are the bywords of the hour, for our contemporary writers to cease portraying the Negro as a ludicrous figure cloaked in ridiculous superstition and ignorance. Such treatment of any other group would bring prompt and effective protest.

Several dance numbers are objectionable in the extreme, making the production unnecessarily vulgar.

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At the halfway mark, the current theatrical season submits a record of meager achievement and questionable moral value. If we are to assume that the productions offered during the past four months represent the cream of the supply of available plays, then it is safe to say that the condition of the drama is worse than even the most lugubrious will admit.

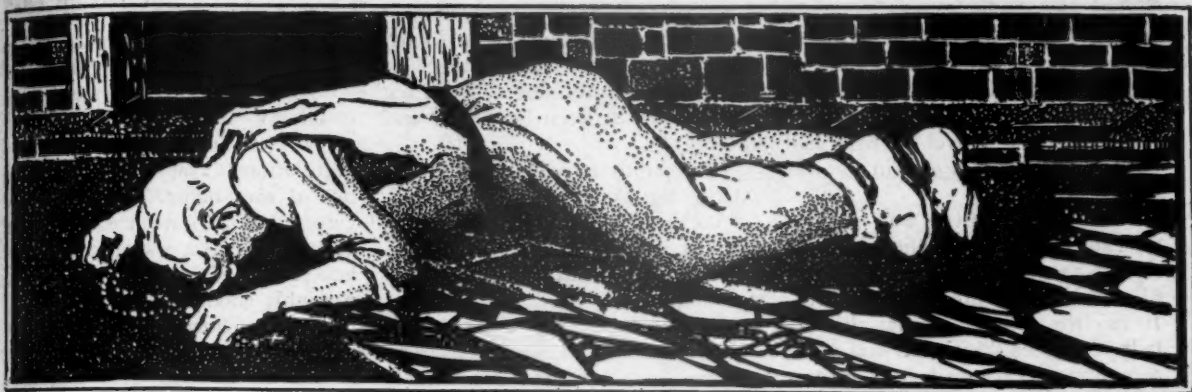
The revivals of *Twelfth Night*, *Kind Lady*, and *Charley's Aunt*, and the Ed Wynn musical, *Boys and Girls Together*, were the only worthwhile contributions to the season until Ethel Barrymore and *The Corn is Green* were added to the list. Inconceivable, but true, that the busiest months of the theatrical year should find a steady flow of unlamented failures being offered as the most outstanding of the output of our present-day dramatists.

One recent play concerned the love life of Charles Dickens, an opus which added little to the stature of Dickens as a man or the playwrights as authors of ability. There were three attempts to defame Hollywood celebrities that served as triplet boomerangs on the theater and those connected with the productions. Hollywood has been castigated by experts, and needs no assistance from outsiders in making the industry's failings public.

The most regrettable of the failures was **FLEDGLING**, an adaptation of Eleanor Carroll Chilton's novel, *Follow the Furies*. It was the most intelligent theme that the drama has approached in some time, but the indecision and misgivings of the author were too plainly communicated to the audience to convince them that this was a play of force and truth. It revolved around the age-old debate of religion vs. reason, with an attractive young girl who has been taught to live by reason alone, as the protagonist. She kills her mother rather than see her die a slow, torturous death and then, failing to find any consolation in the theories she has believed in, kills herself. It was an open indictment of agnostic teaching, and only a half-hearted endorsement of religious principles.

Perhaps the story of *Fledgling* might be applicable to the current situation in the theater. The modern school of free and unhampered expression is obviously not producing results—the financial results by which all artistic success seems now to be judged.

The opportunity for a spiritual resurgence has never been brighter than now. Will the producers and authors take the one, unfaltering step that the heroine of *Fledgling* failed to take? Or will they follow in her footsteps down the path of self-destruction?



Anti-Aircraft By Enid Dinnis

"YOU'D better get inside, Mum," the baker's man said. "There's the bing-bang boys coming."

"There's Simon!" the baby boy next door cried out gleefully. The air-raid siren was associated in his mind with an agreeable scattering of sweets; or even it might be dinner under the table.

Some of the people out in the street—it was a street of small, neat houses—slightly quickened their pace, but the majority—housewives carrying their marketing baskets, for the most part—took small notice of "Simon" save to pause at a neighbor's gate to comment on the ill-timed nature of "Jerry's" visits.

Only Sam Smith, the daft man from the garage, took to his bandy-legs and fled for dear life to the public shelter.

"Look at poor old Softy," one woman said. "He's a real jitterbug, he is."

"That's because he's only half English," her companion opined. "Leastways, he was christened in a Catholic church, so his foster mother told me, and that would mean that his father was a foreigner, most like."

However wide of the mark her conjecture happened to be, the fact remained that the stolid phlegm of the average Briton did not characterize Softy Smith of the garage. He made no pretense at not being frightened of air raids. He jittered impenitently, and bore the chaff of his mates with the imperturbable good humor that never forsook him.

Softy had done odd jobs at the garage ever since his foster mother had turned him out into the world. His labor was cheap, and, for a softy, unusually reliable. He could be trusted to stick to his job, save when the sirens sounded in the daytime. Softy Smith then frankly downed tools and made for the shelter. On this occasion he reached it as usual with his knees as nearly knocking together as the bandiness of his legs would allow.

The shelter was occupied by a group of pedestrians who had been persuaded to take refuge by the air-raid wardens. Had there been more chance of a "show" the task of these latter would have been even more difficult, but the warning did not indicate a near menace; it was mainly precautionary. What it definitely did mean was that an air battle was raging over the country near the coast.

There was much laughing and chatting going on among the young folk. Jokes were being handed round at the expense of the German Chancellor, and wisecracks were going cheap.

There was only one jitterbug in the company—Softy Smith. He had sat himself down apart from the group at the end of the shelter. An elderly lady was sitting there, also in isolation.

She was wearing an out-of-date sealskin jacket, very shiny about the elbows and round the buttons, and her head-gear was the bonnet with

strings favored by Victorian dames. In her hands she held a rosary.

Sam of the Garage, still shaking all over, sat and watched her. He had seen her there on other occasions. The beads passed through her fingers with a smooth rhythm that somehow tended to solidify the jellied condition of the jitterbug. Her lips moved as the beads slipped through her fingers. What was she doing? he wondered, for in a way she was as deliberately at work as the busy A.R.P. wardens. A working man who had strolled into the shelter came over and addressed her. "It's all right, Mum," he said, "you aren't going to be killed."

The lady in the antique head-gear opened her eyes. They were still a bright blue though set in a face which was a mass of furrows and wrinkles.

"Me killed?" she echoed. "Me! It's the boys I'm praying for. All very fine for us to be sitting here and them fighting the battle for Britain up in the air. We've got our share to do, and it's praying." Her eyes flashed the fire of youth. Her skinny finger and thumb pinched the bead that they held with a militant force. "Our Blessed Lady is as terrible as an army set in battle array," she said.

The man who had spoken was completely taken aback. This was a new aspect of the praying business. The face under the bonnet might well have belonged to those Judith-like women who met a descending parachute man with a pitchfork, but

in this case it was only a string of beads—the weapon in her hand. “All correct, Mum,” he said, and receded into the group which was chanting: “Roll Out the Barrel.” There had been the sound of a gun in the distance.

Softy, seated a little way off, had caught something of the conversation. Something, that is to say, had filtered through into his slow wits. It was the conviction that the old lady in the sealskin jacket was using a weapon that worked a charm against the evil designs of the enemy. It was well to be near her. The sound of the gun had set him sweltering. In the big factory opposite, the hum of the machinery continued. They were busy there making munitions. The old lady in the Victorian bonnet was busy too. Softy sidled up a little closer.

Another gun sounded. The battle for Britain was becoming more than a hearsay affair. There was a lull in the clamor of chattering voices. The man who had spoken before made an attempt to go out and see what was doing but got sent back by a warden.

“Bang, bang-bang.”

The man turned and spoke again to the lady with the secret weapon. “Putting ‘em out of action, Ma?” he asked.

The other nodded. “Yes, the bombs,” she said. “I say, a ‘Hail Mary’ as they drop them, and then they fall where they don’t hurt anyone.”

A FEW young people had come forward and were grouped round the old lady of other times. As for the odd man from the garage, he listened with all his ears, although he sometimes would seem to absorb an understanding of things by some other medium.

Nobody sang “Roll Out the Barrel” although successive thuds in the distance had indicated that bombs were being dropped.

The aged participant in the battle of Britain suddenly took stock of the company. “You all ought to be going to it,” she declared, severely. “Don’t any of you young people know how to pray?”

The young people looked at each other and tried to find out if there was going to be a laugh. An elderly workman in overalls removed his cap. The action was detected at once

by the lady who had “gone to it.” “You can say an ‘Our Father,’ at any rate,” she said. She rolled a big brown bead between her finger and thumb.

Softy Smith fixed fascinated eyes on the big brown bead.

“We’ve forgotten it,” the man in overalls said.

“Boom.” The guns were at it—the anti-aircraft.

“Forgotten it? If you’d forgotten it you wouldn’t have known what I was talking about,” the anti-aircraft lady retorted. “You can get as far as ‘Our Father,’ anyway.”

“Well done, Ma!” It was the man who had spoken to her first, applauding.

The other shook his head. “Others ‘ull have to pray for us,” he said. “We don’t know how to go to work, not us folk.”

The lean fingers moved onto another, a small bead.

“Our Lady will do that for you,” came the simple answer. “God’s our Father and she’s the Mother of His Son, that’s to say, our Mother. Say, ‘Holy Mother, pray for us,’ and she’ll do it for you. *She* knows how to pray, anyway.”

There came another distant succession of thuds. Ten this time. When it ended the silent group still had its eyes on the slowly moving beads. Ten times the words “pray for us” had popped out from between the determined lips of the praying woman, like shot from a machine gun. She looked round and spoke again.

“Now,” she said calmly to the man in overalls, “you can ‘go to it’—‘Our Father’—”

The other reddened with embarrassment. He took a swift, defiant glance round him. “Our Father,” he whispered, “Who art in Heaven—”

“And now, ‘Holy Mother, pray for us’—if you can’t remember any more.”

The entailed workman twisted his cap round in his hand. The searchlights from the other’s soul had picked up his own. There was no escape. “Mother, pray for us,” he said.

And at that moment there came the shrill, sudden call of “Raiders passed.”

There was a general movement. “All clear” had given them a kind of shock, coming at that moment. The workman became more embar-

rassed. He glanced around, and then at the elderly owner of the beads.

“Well, I’m—” That was all he could say.

“All clear” continued its shrill congratulations. The company flocked out of the shelter. The jokes and wisecracks had started again. It had been the nearest warning that they had yet experienced. It was quite appreciably good to be alive and safe.

“Did you hear that old lady talking?” a girl with reddened lips said to her companion (she had been rolling the barrel out with great vigor). “She was a Catholic. She did make the rosary seem simple.”

“You’re a Catholic, aren’t you?” her companion said. And then she added, perhaps surprisingly, “You haven’t got her pluck or you’d have backed her up.”

SOFTY SMITH remained behind after the others had filed out. He was a doubting Thomas in regard to “all clear.” There might be things still hanging about. Then his eye suddenly fell on something lying on the floor. It was a string of brown beads. He pounced on it and picked it up. It lay in the palm of his hand.

Softy’s precarious upbringing had inculcated the idea that stealing, like other things which involve the interference of the police, is to be avoided. On the other hand, findings are keepings. This was certainly a finding; and to have the secret weapon for keeps, guarding him from the peril in the sky, brought a sense of security to his soul.

He fingered a big bead and then a little bead. He tried to remember what the old lady had said to them about the words that went along with the beads.

The religious instruction received by Softy at school had been of the most perfunctory kind, the teacher who administered it having no religious beliefs of his own. It produced no reaction on the part of the pupil which remained hidden in the supernatural depth of its self-existence. Softy Smith came by his religious belief as he came by his angel Guardian, and what it exactly was, those who can explain the nature of an angel could best say. Psychologists might perhaps have thrashed the matter out with the mystics. On this occasion he came to the conclusion, in his own way, that the beads in some way linked

him with a kind and protective power.

The boys at the garage who had stuck to their job during the warning greeted Softy with some not ill-natured banter when he returned to his post. The "holy innocent" was a prime favorite with his fellow-workers, but all the same they enjoyed pulling his leg.

Softy's jitters gave great amusement to his mates.

"What's that you've got there?" one of them asked him, seeing something in his hand.

Softy opened his hand and showed him. He always did as he was told.

"I picked it up in the shelter," he said.

"Beads," the other laughed. "Going to give them to your young lady?"

"I haven't got a young lady," Softy replied, taking the remark seriously, as he did everything that was said to him. "I'm going to keep it for myself."

There was more laughter. "But you can't," one of them said, with a wink at the others. "What you pick up in shelters is loot, and they stand you up against the wall and shoot you for it."

Softy became properly alarmed. "What am I to do with it?" he asked, gazing questioningly from the one to the other.

"Give it to the Johnny with a tin 'at up at the end of the street," came the suggestion. "He's a copper, right enough. Tell him it's loot. He won't shoot you; it's the 'Ome Guards that shoot."

THE WORTHY citizen who was acting as constable at the corner of the street found the time hanging rather heavily. It made a break in the monotony to be addressed by even such as the bandy-legged youth who approached him with some diffidence, though withal an air of business on hand.

The young man in question had a not displeasing though far from intelligent countenance. He was wearing rather grimy working garments.

He handed the Special a small, moist object that had been clasped in his hand. (Softy expected bombs at any moment, and the object was a talisman.)

"What's this?" the Special inquired.



The shelter was occupied by a group of pedestrians . . .

"I picked it up in the shelter whilst the raid was on," Softy replied. "I see a lady with it in her hands, and she was turning bombs into duds."

The man in a tin hat puckered up his brow, and then frowned at Softy.

"You didn't steal it from her, did you?" he inquired, severely.

"No, I found it there after she'd gone. I'd like to have kept it," Softy went on, naively; "it keeps you safe from bombs, but it's loot and I'd have been shot for it."

The Special's face puckered into a not unkindly smile. He turned the shabby beads over in his hand. "They are of no value," he opined after a moment.

Softy challenged the statement. "She told us that she was helping to win the battle of Britain with 'em," he said.

"You don't know who the lady was?"

Softy shook his head. "She's always in the shelter when there's a raid on in the daytime," he said. "She told us to go to it and help the boys who were doing the fighting."

The other took thought. It was a common rosary, an article of no value. Inspiration suddenly pierced his tin hat.

"Well, keep it till the next daylight raid," he said, "and then take it to the shelter and if she is there you can give it back to her."

He handed the treasure trove back to its finder.

"Then it isn't loot?" Softy asked. He wanted it clear. He had no fancy to be shot. Then he slipped the beads into his pocket. They were his for the time being, at any rate.

That evening when Softy went home from work, Mrs. Potter, his landlady, from whom he rented an attic for ordinary use with the hospitality of the cellar thrown in in the case of night raids, had a great story to tell him of the work of the raiders of the morning. Ten bombs they had dropped, not so far away, and not one of them had harmed anybody except one poor tortoise killed in a garden.

"A miracle, I calls it," Mrs. Potter said.

Softy was sorry for the tortoise. His heart was every bit as tender as his head. He debated within himself whether he would tell Mrs. Potter

about the old lady and her secret weapon, which same was at that moment safely tucked away in his pocket and which had worked the miracle.

He decided not to. Mrs. Potter might query the "findings keepings" theory and bring up the subject of loot. One could not be too careful.

So Softy kept the beads in his pocket and said nothing about them. He took them to bed with him at night and strived to remember the words that the old lady in the shelter had tried to teach the man in overalls.

"Our Father" conveyed nothing to him. He had never known his father. He tried to imagine what the Father in Heaven might be like, and conjured up a vision of the kindly and benevolent clergyman who sometimes visited the Garage and whom everybody called "Father." But for the "Holy Mother" of the small beads he was more at a loss. His foster mother had been far from a motherly type. One night, however, when he was fingering the beads in his corner of the cellar, for the sirens had sounded, he seemed to see a vision of a very beautiful Lady who was sweet and gentle beyond description, and the ecstasy of calling her "Mother" woke him from what had been a dream.

Certainly it would seem that some kind of virtue was attached to the talisman that Softy had picked up in the shelter. As he ran the beads through his fingers there came to him a new comprehension of the thing that he was trying to do. It was almost as though understanding came to him through the tips of his fingers instead of his ears, or that the Lady whom he had called "Mother" was doing it for him.

HE HEARD the boys at the Garage talking of the battle that was always going on. He recalled to his mind that the owner of the beads had told them all to "go to it" and pray for the fighting men. She had not been praying that she might not be killed herself. Softy went about his work after that thinking of the fighting men in the air as he murmured: "Our Father who art in Heaven"—the words had come back to him out of a void. It might have been inherited memory. To the "Holy Mother, pray for us" he added "in the hour of our death." The

little bead had whispered the words to him as he held it in his moist fingers in the subterranean watch, on this occasion frankly praying that the bomb above his own head might be a dud.

In these days Softy awaited the next daylight raid with redoubled apprehensions. Hitherto he had preferred them to night raids, but now the daytime raid held the menace of robbing him of his treasure. The gentleman in the tin hat had said nothing about the nighttime, but he had said definitely that when there was a daytime raid he was to go to the shelter and see if the owner of the beads was there and restore them to her. It was on those terms that he had been allowed to retain the secret weapon.

It came in due course. Softy was out on the main road when the sirens sounded. They were immediately followed by the zoom of a plane flying low. People this time bestirred themselves. There was a running hither and thither. Softy took to his heels and ran for dear life—in the direction of the shelter where he had taken refuge on the last occasion. It was not the nearest shelter, but Softy had his orders. An air-raid warden standing by the nearer shelter called out to him:

"Here's the shelter. Turn in quick."

But for the first time in his life Softy failed to do as he was told. He sped on.

The other shouted, "Don't you see the shelter? Go to it."

Softy pulled up. He stood stock-still in the middle of the road. This was not the shelter that he was making for.

"Go to it!" the warden shouted a second time. And Softy "went to it." He remained standing where he was, holding the string of rosary beads in his hands.

There was a battle going on just above—the battle of Britain. He grasped the big bead and fired upward.

"Our Father, who art in Heaven."

He visualized something in the strange depth of his mind. It was not now the kindly face of the human being whom he had associated with the name. It was Something all-comprehensive. Fatherhood itself. Love.

"Our Father who art—Heaven."

The embrace of the everlasting

arms was about him. He could not have described it any more than the mystics could, even if the bomb hadn't come.

But it came. It crashed down onto the roadway in the midst of the fleeing crowd. Softy fell forward on his face.

It was one of those happenings that the newspapers call freaks of fate. The bomb failed to explode. There were no casualties, with the exception of one death from shock-fright, that is to say.

When they picked Softy up he was clasping his rosary, his finger and thumb pressing one of the small beads and calling forth its message: "Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

THE OCCUPANT of No. 3 Pilchard's Almshouses was entertaining a visitor, to wit, her parish priest. Her Victorian bonnet reposed in its box in the cupboard, and she was wearing a lace and ribbon cap. Father Timothy had come round to tell her the details of the bomb that had fallen nearby without doing any harm.

The Father—he had a kind, fatherly way with him that made people want to call him "father" without knowing that he was a priest—had actually been on the spot and was one of those who had escaped without injury.

It had been sheer Providence that he had been there at hand, for the poor fellow who died of fright had a rosary in his hand, and they took the priest to him, and he was able to give him conditional absolution while the breath was still in his body.

"I've got the rosary," Father Timothy said, as he ended his story. "I don't know what to do with it. I suppose I ought to restore it to somebody, but the poor fellow doesn't seem to have any relatives."

He produced the beads from his pocket, and handed them to the other.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's the rosary that I dropped in the shelter the other day during the raid. The poor fellow must have been there and picked it up."

"Well, I'm relieved to find its owner," the priest said.

"And he was praying, too, when the bomb fell," she commented, "No wonder the thing didn't explode."

Religious Loafers!

By JAMES J. WALSH

AT THE beginning of a series of articles on the cultivation of leisure the author referred to monks as representing "organized bands of loafers." This is, of course, only an inheritance from the tradition regarding "lazy monks" and "shiftless nuns" which developed at the time of the Reformation in an attempt to justify the confiscation of property of religious orders. Members of the new nobility, enriched by the presentation at the hands of the king of properties that had belonged to the monks and nuns, were glad to put forward the excuse of the laziness and uselessness of monks and nuns as justification for the appropriation of their property.

For anyone who knows monks and nuns, and above all for themselves, it is a huge joke to be told that they are to be counted among the loafers, and the unemployed. If any people have their hours of occupation laid out for them from morning until night so that every moment is occupied, it is the monks and nuns. Those of us who are at all acquainted with them know how true that is at the present time, and those who know their history are aware how true it was in the older time.

It has been a custom for many to think that medieval religious were a rather aimless lot. As a matter of fact, there is abundant evidence to the contrary. These medieval monks and nuns left as a heritage a large number of the most precious things that take time in the making, and we are happy to have these objects in our present-day collections. It is a never-ending source of surprise to find how many of these treasures have been spared to us, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of time during the past thousand years or more.

It was the monks in Ireland, for instance, who made

the beautiful books that have ever since made Irish monasticism famous throughout the world. Probably the most beautiful book ever made, the Book of Kells, we owe to the patient artistry of the Irish monks. How many hours of laborious artistic effort must have gone into it! This is not, however, an exceptional achievement, the work of some solitary genius under an impulse that could not be repressed. It is one of the many bibliographic treasures that were produced at that time. Labor and time meant nothing. The monks had an inspiration, and they fulfilled it.

Gerald the Welshman, Giraldus Cambrensis, who, I may remind my readers, was not at all partial to the Irish but quite the contrary, declared that he had seen at Kildare a book of the Scriptures made by the monks which he considered the most beau-

tiful book in the world. Gerald had the right to an opinion in this matter because in his travels on the continent on the way to Rome he had seen on several occasions a number of illuminated books. It was thought at one time that Gerald had seen the Book of Kells while on a visit to Kildare, but there appears to be no doubt now that the book was never there, so the volume mentioned is one of the lost treasures which Gerald's account makes us regret all the more.

There are many others of which we have traditions but no more. Some of the most precious printed treasures of the British Museum are the Irish manuscript books which it possesses. There is the Book of the Dun Cow, and the Book of Durrow, and a number of others which illustrate the patient artistry and untiring application of these Irish monks.

As our heritage from the Middle Ages we have many beautiful books executed during that thousand years usually considered so blank in achievement. These make it very clear that the medieval monks and nuns were tireless in their making of beautiful things. They were made for the service of the Church—missals, psalters, office books, and books of hours—and were used for that purpose for some generations, but they are now the most valued additions to our libraries. They constitute our most precious bibliographic treasures. The New York Public Library has a marvelous collection of manuscript books. Many of the most prized items are manuscripts made by the "organized loafers," the monks and nuns of early centuries.

These books had a much wider and deeper influence on mankind than is usually thought, for when the time came for the development of the newly invented art of printing, the manuscript



books of the medieval period that came from the monasteries and the nunneries formed the models after which printed books were made. As a consequence of this, the earliest products of the printed art are among the most beautiful books ever printed. Indeed it has been said quite emphatically that the Gutenberg Bible, which is usually considered the first of our printed books, is the most beautifully printed book ever made. Bibliographers are agreed that many of the incunabula or cradle books which appeared in the first half century of printing were among the best-appearing books that ever came from the press.

What is true concerning illuminated books when patient monastic devotion brought them into existence, is quite as true for textile materials of all kinds which were used in church services. Many of these, though made of perishable material that would sadly deteriorate under frequent usage, were things of beauty, joys forever, real artistic objects which brought pleasure to the beholder; and some of them continued, for all the centuries ever since, to be the most beautiful things of their kind.

The cope of Ascoli, made by the nuns in the little town of Ascoli in Italy in the thirteenth century, was declared by experts to be the most exquisite piece of needlework in the world. It must have taken an immense amount of time and patient labor to make, but time was no object and work no deterrent since the nuns were intent on weaving their soul's aspirations into the vestments. Nearly seven centuries after it was made, an American millionaire was willing to pay \$60,000 for it, though the jewels which had decorated it originally had been removed. The millionaire's experts told him that this was the most beautiful piece of needlework in the world.

The cope of Syon, which is one of the most prized treasures in the great South Kensington Museum in London, is a rival piece of needlework, made a hundred years later and a thousand miles from Ascoli. It demonstrates that in many parts of Europe monks and nuns were engaged in making such precious things. Unfortunately, a very large number of the articles perished in the vicissitudes of time, and the wear and tear of service.

The medieval monks and nuns did not limit themselves to the making of small objects of art. We have some magnificent examples of their industry in great and enduring monuments. Many of the most important Gothic churches were built by the monks in connection with their abbeys, and some of these are full of beautiful things of all kinds which came from the hands of the monks. Yorkminster, for instance, and Westminster, are striking examples of monastic architecture, and their preservation for all these 700 years constitutes a striking exemplification of the thoroughness with which the monks did their work.

Nearly everything that was made for these cathedrals was a triumph of artistic accomplishment. Even the bolts and locks and keys and hinges are striking examples of artistry and are proclaimed by modern artists to be perfect examples of artistic work. The same is true of the woodwork. There are bench ends and choir stalls which are real *objets d'art*. When for any reason one of these pieces is no longer kept in the great church, it is not thrown away but is taken to a museum because of the artistry with which it was made.

THE inspiration that motivated these medieval monks and nuns was as admirable as the artistic products of their efforts. They were not working for profit, nor were they working with a view to the glory that their accomplishments would bring them or their Orders. That is one reason why so little is known about the individuals who were the creators of these great medieval masterpieces. They worked solely for the honor and glory of God, and to make the ceremonies in which they worshipped Him a little less unworthy of His Divine Majesty. Such a motive is little understood at the present day.

In their journeyings the monks were urged on by the supreme desire of spreading the knowledge of Christ and His Kingdom. But even while engaged in this work of evangelization, they accomplished unwittingly great things in all the series of sciences now included under the term geography, and gathered precious information as to the races of men, their relations to one another, and to the part of the earth in which they live. The scientific progress thus

made will always redound largely to their credit in the story of the intellectual development of modern Europe. Most of their work was far ahead of the times and was not to be properly appreciated until quite recent generations, but this must only emphasize our sympathy for those obscure, patient but fruitful workers in a great field of human knowledge.

As to what should be thought of those who, ignorant of their work, proclaim that the Church did not tolerate geography, it is hard to say. Our geographical knowledge comes mainly from travelers whose wish it is to gain commercial opportunities for themselves or their compatriots; that of the monks was gained by men who wished anxiously to spread the light of Christianity throughout the world. The geographical societies of these earlier days were the religious Orders who sent out the explorers and travelers, furnished them on their return with an enthusiastic audience to hear their stories, and then helped them disseminate their books all over the then civilized world.

There is probably no better retutation of the expression so often heard from those who know nothing about it, with regard to the supposed laziness of the monks of the Middle Ages, than this chapter of the story of their exploration and missionary labors. It is usually supposed that if a monk was fat he could not possibly have accomplished any serious work in life. Some of these men were *valde ponderosi*, very weighty, yet they did not hesitate to take on themselves long journeys to the East. Their lives are the best illustration of the expression of Montalembert:

"Let us then banish into the world of fiction that affirmation so long repeated by foolish credulity which made monasteries an asylum for indolence and incapacity, for misanthropy and pusillanimity, for feeble and melancholic temperaments, and for men who were no longer fit to serve society in the world. It was not the sick souls, but, on the contrary, the most vigorous and healthful the human race has ever produced who presented themselves in crowds to fill them."

Lazy monks! I wonder if any set of men in the history of humanity has ever accomplished more that is of enduring significance than these monks and nuns.

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The SIGN-POST

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Number of Catholics and Episcopalians

Please tell me the number of Catholics and Episcopalians in the United States and in the world.—ARLINGTON, MASS.

The total Catholic population of the United States (including Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands) is 21,403,136 (Official Catholic Directory, 1940). The total world Catholic population is 331,500,000, according to *The World Almanac* for 1940. Father Krose, S. J., in his *Kirchliches Handbuch* for 1939 estimates that the round number of all Catholics, practical and nominal, in the world is approximately 400,000,000. (THE SIGN, June 1940, p. 693).

The inclusive number of Protestant Episcopalians in the United States is 1,897,136; the number of adult members (thirteen years and over) is 1,400,086. (*Year Book of American Churches*, 1937, p. 47). As the Protestant Episcopal Church is an American branch of the Church of England, it is practically confined to the United States and its territories.

Note: The convert you inquired about had never been baptized before his conversion and belonged to no Church.

Miracles Attributed to St. Therese

What were the miracles accredited to Saint Therese, the Little Flower of Jesus, that led to her canonization?—PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.

The two miracles which were approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in view of her beatification, were the following: the cure of Charles Anne, a young seminarian and a native of Lisieux, of tuberculosis, and the cure of Sister Louise of St. Germaine, of the Daughters of the Cross at Utarritz, in the south of France, who was dying of an ulcer of the stomach.

The two miracles approved for her canonization were the following: a Belgian girl, Mlle. Marie Pelle-

mans, was cured of tuberculosis of the lungs and intestines, and Sister Gabriel Trimusi of Parma, Italy, was cured of arthritis in the knee and tuberculosis of the spine. A fuller account of these miracles is given in *The Autobiography of Saint Therese of Lisieux*, edited by Rev. Thomas N. Taylor, in Part II of the Epilogue.

Sunday in Place of the Sabbath

A God-fearing Protestant wants to know who changed the Sabbath to the Sunday and why?—MASS.

We learn from the *Acts of the Apostles* that the Apostles and the first Christians, after the Resurrection of Christ, worshipped in the temple at Jerusalem on the Sabbath, but they also met together on the next day, or Sunday, for the celebration of the Eucharist. After a while their attendance at the temple ceased and they assembled for prayer and worship on the Sunday instead. The observance of the Sunday in place of the Sabbath soon became the custom of the Christian Church. The change was due to apostolic authority. The first day of the week was called the Lord's Day, (Apocalypse 1:10) Christians who continued to observe the Sabbath were condemned by St. Paul (Gal. 4:10). He encouraged them to break with the Jewish observances (Col. 2:16).

The substitution of the Sunday in place of the Sabbath for the worship of God served to emphasize the difference between the Jewish and Christian dispensations. It also perpetuated the two great events in the Church's history—the resurrection of Christ from the tomb and the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles, both of which occurred on the first day of the week. The substance of the Third Commandment was maintained, when the day of its observance was changed. The obligations of the commandment to worship God and abstain from servile work were transferred from the Sabbath to the Sunday. Thus, the Christian Church parted from the Jewish Church, which was no longer the true religion.

Progress of Catholic Church

A group of friends were discussing the progress that the Catholic Church is making at the present time. One asserted that there has been a consistent decline in the number of Catholics during the past few centuries. Others disagreed. We would like to know what percentage of western civilization was Catholic in the thirteenth, fifteenth, seventeenth, and twentieth centuries.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.

It is difficult to give percentages in this matter, and hence we think it more convenient to consider the question broadly. Europe was almost entirely Catholic before the so-called Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century. The latter tore England, Germany, and the Baltic and Scandinavian countries from the bosom of the Church. Nevertheless the Catholic Church remained greater in numbers and in geographical extent. Then came the Catholic evangelization of the East Indies, Asia, and the New World. The converts made by the missionaries more than equalled the number who had gone over to Protestantism in Europe. Mexico and South America became Catholic. Asia and Africa, also, have contributed a large number of converts to the Church. Today there are more baptized Catholics in China than in England and Wales—over 3,000,000 in the former to 2,500,000 in the latter. The *World Almanac* for 1940 says there are 331,500,000 Catholics throughout the world, and Protestants of all denominations number 206,900,000. The Catholic Church is the largest religious body in the world, whether Christian or non-Christian. The present tendency is toward a constant growth in Catholic numbers, despite considerable "leakage," while there is a decline among Protestants.

Christian Names for Baptized

Is it true that only Catholic names may be used in baptizing a Catholic infant? If so, please print a list of such names for both boys and girls.—DUQUESNE, PA.

The Code of Canon Law enjoins upon pastors the duty of seeing that Christian names are given to all whom they baptize. If they cannot obtain this, e.g., because fond parents insist on imposing a popular, unchristian name, they shall add to the name given by the parents the name of some saint and enter both in the baptismal record. (Canon 761). The list of male and female Christian names is rather long and cannot be printed here. We refer you to such books as Father Weidenhan's *Baptismal Names* and E. F. Smith's *Baptismal and Confirmation Names*. Both books furnish a short explanation of individual names and the feast days of the saints and blessed ones.

Rubaiyat

Could you tell me if Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat" is on the Index of Forbidden Books?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It is not listed on the Index. This, of course, is merely a negative position and not to be regarded as an implicit approval. Books not listed must be judged according to general forms of sound morality.

Hebrew Bible and Catholics: Difference Between Catholic and Protestant Bibles

(1) A Jewish person told me that we Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible as it was originally written. He states that the Jewish Old Testament was written before the Catholic version, and is therefore authentic.

(2) He inquires the reason of the difference between Catholic and Protestant Bibles.—NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) The Church forbids the faithful to read editions of the original text of the Bible, and ancient Catholic versions of the Sacred Scriptures, also versions of the Oriental Church, which have been published by non-Catholics; likewise any translations in any language made or published by non-Catholics. (Canon 1399, No. 1). This would not be considered a hardship by the ordinary Catholic. But Canon Law permits those engaged in theological or biblical studies to read editions of the original text published by non-Catholics, provided they are faithful and complete copies of the originals, and do not attack Catholic dogmas. (Canon 1400). These restrictions are not intended to prevent a thorough knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, but rather to insure it. No one would consider our government unreasonable if it forbade the study of any edition of the U. S. Constitution that was not reliable, especially an edition with comments by Nazis or Communists. The Hebrew Scriptures were, indeed, written before the Catholic list of inspired books was settled, but it does not follow that this or that edition of the Hebrew Scriptures is reliable.

(2) The main difference between Catholic and Protestant Bibles is that the Old Testament of the former contains seven more books than the latter, as well as parts of two others. They are Tobias, Wisdom, Baruch, Ecclesiasticus, I and II Machabees, Judith, and parts of Esther and Daniel. How did this come about? In the period 280-130 B. C., the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek at Alexandria in Egypt, in order to enable the Greek-speaking Jews throughout the world to read their sacred books. The Greek version is called the Septuagint, because there was an ancient tradition that the translation was made by seventy-two Jewish scribes. This Greek Bible not only contained all the books of the Hebrew Bible but also the seven books mentioned above. The books contained in both Bibles are called proto-canonical (first canon or collection), and those only in the Septuagint are called deuterocanonical (second canon). The Palestinian Jews in the course of time began to suspect the sacred character of the deuterocanonical books and finally rejected them, especially when they were used by the Christians in their controversies with the Jews. But it is probable that at one time the Jews of Palestine regarded them as sacred and authoritative.

Catholics follow the Septuagint Bible on the ground that Christ and His Apostles and the early Church received it as Sacred Scripture. True, particular Churches and certain Fathers had some doubts about the deuterocanonical books, but the common tradition was in favor of them. Protestants follow the tradition of the Palestinian Jews and reject the deuterocanonical books. In some of their Bibles these books are, or were, put in an appendix and labeled "apocrypha," meaning not

inspired. The Lutherans, following the example of their founder, also reject some of the books of the New Testament: Hebrews, James, Jude, and the Apocalypse (Revelations).

This brings us to the question—who is to decide the canon or collection of the sacred books? There is only one competent and satisfactory authority, and that is the living, infallible Church. This the Church has done. After many particular Councils had listed all the books of the Septuagint among the sacred writings, the Ecumenical Council of Trent put the final seal of approval on the traditional viewpoint of the Church by declaring the list of books contained in the Latin Vulgate Bible to be sacred, canonical, and inspired. The Catholic Bibles are in conformity with the teaching of the Council of Trent.

This Council was moved to make a final judgment because of the attacks made by the Reformers on the Vulgate. They objected to the inclusion of the deuterocanonical books, not only because there had been some doubt about them, but also because of their dogmatic content. Thus, II Machabees contains the doctrine of Purgatory, and Tobias teaches the efficacy of good works. It put the Reformers in rather an embarrassing position to have the Bible itself—which they declared to be their Rule of Faith—refute their novel doctrines, so they rejected the books containing the refutation. A very convenient criterion! But the whole Catholic Church was against them.

Visitation of Church for Indulgence

I recite a prayer to which the following note is attached: "A plenary indulgence may be gained once a month by those who recite the prayer every day with the conditions of confession, communion, a visit to some church or public oratory, and prayers for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff." Does this mean that I would have to go to another church to recite the prayer, in order to gain the indulgence; or may I say it in the church where I received Holy Communion?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

One can make his visit in any church or oratory, if a particular one is not required. This condition can be fulfilled in the church where one receives Holy Communion. The prayers for the Pope should be said when the visit is made. The indulgenced prayer may be said anywhere, unless a specified place is required.

Manner of Making Vocal Prayer

In reciting vocal prayers, e.g., the Our Father, should one concentrate on the words of the prayer, or upon the intention for which the prayer is said? If one thinks of the words, the mind forms pictures to fit the words, and the scene changes with the phrases. This is a form of mental gymnastics that is very tiring. On the other hand, if one concentrates on the intention, the words are apt to become mechanical.—NEW YORK, N. Y.

We must confess that you have a strange difficulty, but evidently it is real to you. The *Our Father* was taught by our Lord to the Apostles (and to all Christians) in direct answer to their appeal, "Lord,

teach us to pray." If one prays the *Our Father* for a specific end, he can make his intention in a moment and think no more about it, for it virtually endures throughout the prayer. When actually praying, he should attend to the words of the prayer itself, the better to enter into its spirit. The *Our Father* is the most perfect vocal prayer. It asks for good things from God in the proper order and for the proper end. God is first praised, then our needs are mentioned. If this sort of attention impedes one's prayer, then direct the attention to God Himself more than to the words of the prayer. Prayer, remember, is the lifting of the mind and heart to God, a conversation with God; it is an act of the reason and will, not an exercise of the imagination. The latter faculty may be used to good purpose in certain forms of prayer, e.g., in meditation, to make what is called the "composition of place," but if it hinders one from making vocal prayer, then by all means curb it. When you converse with a friend, you attend to his person, more than to the shape of his nose or the cut of his clothes. If you do the latter, you are soon made conscious that you are causing embarrassment. In any case, it will help to ask God the Holy Ghost to teach you to pray well, for if you pray well, you will live well.

Prayer for Temporal Favors

I am a non-Catholic and would like to have you answer these questions. I read in a pamphlet about Mass for the health of the sick. My mother has been in a hospital over two years. If I go to Mass every Sunday, would my mother get well? I also read that those who recite the Chaplet of the Infant Jesus will not fail to receive Divine aid in their spiritual and temporal affairs. If I say the Chaplet for my mother, does it mean that my mother will get well?—MASS.

When we ask for a temporal favor from God, either directly or through the intercession of the saints, it should always be with the condition, expressed or implied: "if it is conducive to my salvation." Hence, when we ask for health for ourselves or others, God may not always grant us our request, but He will give us something better; for instance, patience to bear our ills. We cannot get to Heaven, which should be the supreme object of our lives, unless we practice virtue, and being patient under the cross of sickness often brings out many virtues that we might not otherwise practice. As St. Augustine said in this connection: "A person who makes supplication to God for the needs of this life is heard in mercy and also in mercy is not heard; for the physician knows better than his patient what is good for him." Our Lord's prayer in the Garden of Olives, when He asked the Father that the chalice of suffering might be removed from His lips, should be the model for all Christians: "Father, not my will but thine be done!" God would do you and your mother a greater favor, in answer to your prayers, by granting you both the grace of conversion to the Catholic Faith, than by curing her of sickness. The former is more conducive to salvation than the latter, and it is salvation that God wishes for us above everything else. Prayer literature that makes exaggerated promises about obtaining temporal favors is contrary to the mind and the laws of the Church.

Federal Union

Is there anything in Clarence Streit's Federal Union plan contrary to Catholic teaching? Could a Catholic endorse it?—WASHINGTON, D. C.

Clarence Streit, formerly correspondent of *The New York Times* at the League of Nations, proposed that the fifteen democracies of the world (that was before Hitler overran Europe) unite in a Federal Union on the lines of our forty-eight States, as the most effective method of preserving democracy in the world against the attacks of the dictatorships. This Union would form a nucleus into which the nations at present under dictators would be admitted, as soon as they regained their freedom and became democratic. In Federal Union the member states maintain their independence in their internal affairs, but they relinquish control over citizenship, defense, trade, money, and communications to the Federal parliament. A member state might be conquered, but the Union would still be at war with the conqueror. This is only a broad outline of the plan. At the moment Federal Union is being energetically propagated through all the avenues of communication. It is being urged as necessary to assist England to escape defeat in her present life-and-death struggle with the Axis powers.

Regarded in the abstract, there is nothing in Streit's plan contrary to Catholic principles. In fact, it appears to conform with the teaching of noted Catholic authorities on International Law, such as Taparelli, who advocated something similar. There have been good reasons advanced for "an international parliament nominated or elected by the governments of associated nations [that] might, on this analogy, be empowered, within the limits of the constitution of the society, to pass international laws which those governments would likewise be under positive obligation to obey." (*The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations*, Eppstein, Chap. xiii, p. 279).

Catholic philosophers have tried for centuries to devise some plan which would guarantee the independence of states, and at the same time curb the spirit of nationalism (in itself a good thing) within due bounds, so as to prevent the rivalries which lead to war. A world order that would secure the integrity of individual states and at the same time achieve the common good of all peoples is something that is in full accord with Catholic philosophy.

When regarded in the concrete, however, Federal Union, as outlined in Mr. Streit's book, *Union Now*, arouses serious misgivings because of the "philosophy" on which he builds his plan. Even a good plan for the security of nations and the common good of all men can be poisoned by bad philosophy and vitiated by evil ends. Mr. Streit's ideal is restricted to humanitarian ends that reflect the spirit of the French Revolution. God, the Creator and Governor of the universe, is completely left out of consideration. "Man's freedom and vast future must depend on man." His philosophy also smacks of Masonic thought. He goes away back to Cain and Abel, in order to build up his humanitarian thesis. Cain is preferred to Abel because the former built a city and helped to unite people, while Abel lived apart as a shepherd. Mr. Streit does not seem concerned over the fact that Cain murdered his

brother. He imagines that man's freedom did not begin until he united with other men. He appears to despise the soil and advocates cities—one of the causes, by the way, of the dislocation of present-day society, so many men being herded into cities and without any property in land.

Mr. Streit places Jesus, Mohammed, and Luther on practically the same level. He implies that Jesus was made divine by Christians. He views the Reformation as one of the roots of true democracy! He regards Russia with a mild kind of favor, as an "immature democracy!" The ultimate object of Federal Union would be to provide "the nucleus of world government."

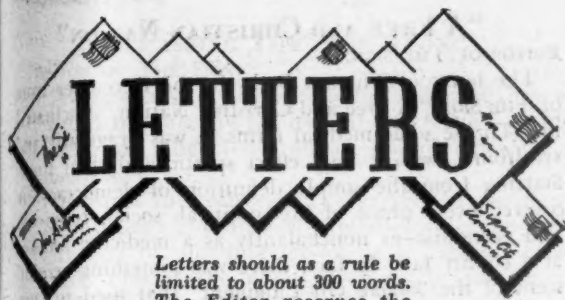
The author of Federal Union has been accused of being a "rank Socialist, with a suggestion of fondness for the bemused theorizing of H. G. Wells." Moreover, a World State is said to have been an aim of Freemasonry for years. Msgr. Benson wrote a book on this theme called *The Lord of the World*. He pictured Masonry as the world power that had every nation in its control. It made war on the Catholic Church and almost destroyed it. These points give one reason to study Federal Union with great care and to distinguish between the political plan and its sponsors and their ultimate ends. It would surely not be a benefit but a curse, if the union of the world's democracies were freed from the thralldom of the dictatorships only to fall into the insidious net of Freemasonry or of Socialism. It is not enough to say that the ideal of Federal Union is good and desirable; it is necessary to know whether it is inspired by the Christian principles of justice and charity or those of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" sponsored by Socialism and Freemasonry.

To our knowledge, no authoritative statement has been given by the Church on the subject of Federal Union.

Parish for Celebration of Marriage

If one attends a parish to which he does not really belong, may he be married in that parish instead of his own?—N. N.

All properly constituted pastors can validly assist at marriages contracted within their territories—and Ordinaries (Bishops) within their dioceses—, but for their lawful assistance it is necessary that the parties have a domicile or quasi-domicile, or at least a residence of one month within their territory, unless the parties to be married are people without any permanent residence (*vagi*). The latter can be married validly and lawfully before any proper pastor. (Canon 1097, No. 1, 2). When the parties to be married belong to different parishes, the pastor of each is competent to assist, but the pastor of the bride is regularly given the preference, unless a just cause excuses from this rule. (Canon 1097, No. 2). If they wish to marry where neither has a domicile, quasi-domicile or monthly residence, it is necessary to obtain permission from their proper pastor. (Canon 1097, No. 1, 3). The fact that a Catholic habitually attends a parish in which he has not one of the above kinds of residence does not make him a subject of that parish unless by special permission of the Ordinary of the diocese he has been made a member of it. Sometimes this is done by renting a pew or in some other way.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the

right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

SITUATION IN NORTHERN IRELAND

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your November issue you summarized some of my findings on the situation in Northern Ireland, as reported in my articles in the *Tablet*. But your summary, though accurate as far as it went, was incomplete. It is undoubtedly true that there is economic discrimination against Nationalists in Northern Ireland. But it is only fair to the government of Northern Ireland to state their defense.

I interviewed Mr. Maxwell who sits as the Nationalist representative of Ulster. He stated that most of the Nationalists in Ulster would fight for the Germans if the Germans landed. I am convinced that Mr. Maxwell libeled his own supporters, for I met no Irishman in my travels who was pro-Nazi, and I met many Irish Catholics who were enthusiastically pro-British. It is not, however, surprising that the Northern Government should view with some suspicion those whose own elected leader labels them, in effect, as Fifth Columnists. The Protestants of Ulster, whom I confronted with the admitted facts of economic discrimination reply in effect: "But what can you expect; Maxwell draws his salary as a member of the Ulster House, but he refuses to take his seat. He will not co-operate with us, but he expects us to co-operate with him. If he refuses to do the work for which our Government pays him a salary, why should he expect us to appoint his followers to important Government positions?"

My own belief is that the death of Lord Craigavon may pave the way for a reconciliation which might have taken place before now, but for the extremists on both sides.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ARNOLD LUNN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am enclosing my check for another year's subscription to *THE SIGN*. I think it is a very fine magazine and very interesting—but I would like to protest about "Democracy in Northern Ireland" in *Current Fact and Comment* in the November issue. Haven't you yet understood how the British Commonwealth of Nations is governed? Ulster has her own parliament, her own Prime Minister, etc., and England has as much say in the governmental set-up as she has in that of Canada or Australia.

I do not doubt the facts are as represented; the

Orangeman is a terribly bigoted, low-church Protestant—but why throw the blame on poor England? The mistake made over here by Irish Americans is that they regard Ulsterites as Irish. They are not; they are Scotch and a very objectionable breed of Scot at that. Where they have intermarried with the Irish the cross seems to have emphasized the bad qualities of both races. England wanted to give them to Ireland in 1913 and nearly had a civil war on her hands. What Mr. de Valera wants them for, I don't know; they certainly don't want him!

I don't understand "Pagan Night Over England," in the same issue. I was last in England in 1934, and I remember remarking to friends how impressed I was with the fact that in that country Sunday was still Sunday and that everybody went to church. Of course there can be a lot of changes in six years, but your correspondent's account certainly does not tally with the talks over the B.B.C. nor letters I get from friends, nor articles in the English newspapers.

Forgive all this criticism, but "play cricket." England has a lot to answer for, I know, but don't make her answer for the sins of others!!

RUSTBURG, VA.

GWENDOLINE PROTHEROE

CANADIAN CATHOLICS AND THE WAR

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Enid Dinnis' most recent story, "The Betsy Jane of Wapping Stairs," is lovely and of the sort we need to read today. I feel that no sacrifice is too great for us on this continent to make to win this war, when in England, Greece, France, Poland, Norway, the Netherlands, Finland, and Slovakia (and even in Austria and Germany) thousands are suffering and dying daily for liberty of conscience and freedom of speech, and for all we hold dear in our way of life. I think your American convert soldier-poet, Joyce Kilmer, put it in words which best express my feeling:

"What matters death, if freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for freedom goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of Hell against him hurled,
And has for Captain Him whose thorn-wreathed
Head
Smiles from the cross upon a conquered world."

We feel sad at some of the letters published in *THE SIGN* and at the tone of some of the editorials. Stories like the one by Enid Dinnis, however, counteract these—and I thought I would tell you how we Canadian Catholics feel.

With reference to Dunkerque, I think the *New York Times* of June 1 used words we Canadians shall never forget: "So long as the English tongue survives, the word Dunkerque will be spoken with reverence. For in that harbor, in such a hell as never blazed on earth before, at the end of a lost battle, the rags and blemishes that have hidden the soul of democracy fell away. There, beaten but unconquered, in shining splendor, she faced the enemy."

"They sent away the wounded first. Men died so others might escape. It was not so simple a thing as courage, which the Nazis had in plenty. It was not so

simple a thing as discipline, which can be hammered into men by a drill sergeant. It was the common man of free countries, rising in all his glory out of mill, office, factory, mine, farm, and ship, applying to war the lessons he learned when he went down the shaft to rescue trapped comrades, when he hurled the life boat through the surf, when he endured poverty and hard work for his children's sake.

"This shining thing in the souls of free men Hitler cannot command or attain or conquer. He has crushed it, where he could, from German hearts.

"It is the great tradition of democracy. It is the future. It is history."

This is how we Canadian Catholics feel, and it is such a source of comfort and strength that many Americans feel the same.

EDMONTON, ALTA. (MRS.) NORA M. FITZGERALD

ITALIAN LEADERS HAVE ERRED

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

To my mind, *THE SIGN* is the most interesting Catholic periodical obtainable. I derive a great deal of pleasure from practically every page. I should like to see more letters from your readers on current events. In recent issues I have read letters of condonation and condemnation of the Italian stand in the present war. Having been born in Rome, but educated in this country, I cannot help but feel that the leaders of this great nation have erred. The misery caused by their greed for glory cannot be erased with a few medals or pats on the back for the survivors.

Let us hope that an early realization of their unsportsmanlike attack on smaller nations will cause some of the "would-be heroes" to think twice before they jump.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

CHARLES L. BALDO

PLENARY INDULGENCES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the August 1940 number of *THE SIGN* the question was asked: "Is there a book listing the plenary indulgences that may be gained daily, weekly, etc.?"

May I volunteer some information on the subject? If your correspondent will contact Frank Quinn's Book Store, 46 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., he will be able to obtain a little book entitled *Plenary Indulgences*, compiled by Sister Mary Dominica, I. H. M. This little book lists the plenary indulgences that may be gained daily, monthly, and yearly. It sells for sixty cents, net.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

M. E. M.

APPRECIATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I hasten to send you my check to cover renewal of my subscription to *THE SIGN*. My husband and I look forward eagerly to each number, and read every word. I heartily endorse the claim you make that *THE SIGN* is "for Catholics—a trustworthy interpretation of modern trends of thought and action."

We especially liked the articles on the campaign issues. And as a Catholic author I am grateful to Father John S. Kennedy for his reviews on "best sellers."

BEXLEY, OHIO.

ANNA McALLISTER

"A FREE AND CHRISTIAN NATION"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The letter of Thomas Barry in the December issue of *THE SIGN*, "A Free and Christian Nation," fascinated me. To use some medical terms, it was pragmatic and syndromic, with a final effect spastic and then toxic. Starting from the simple definition of democracy, it covered every phase of life—political, social, religious, and economic—as nonchalantly as a medicine hawker at a county fair. In fact, there was something reminiscent of the "Snake Oil Linament" that used to cure everything from pimples to broken legs. I repeat, having been in turn one of the "pauperized and exploited masses," and member of "capitalist industrialism," and finally one of the government officials sunk in "political immorality" with "slave-state panaceas," I was fascinated.

Not a whole bottle of aspirin or other antipyretic could get me back into shape to answer the letter, unless I used the method of the Yale Law student who at an examination, turned in all his textbooks with a note: "Dear Professor, Please accept these books as a partial answer to the first question."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

GEORGE S. BRADY

CATHOLICS REALLY TOLERANT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A great deal is being said and written about tolerance. The word generally refers to religious differences. The Constitution of the United States guarantees tolerance. All religions are equal before the law, both true and false. But the right conception of tolerance is very rare, it seems to me. Tolerance means to bear with another whose views are erroneous or whose manners and morals are wicked and inimical to our peace and welfare. When a neighbor is in error or unjust or bothersome, and we bear with him patiently and try to act decently toward him, we are being tolerant.

In the domain of religion the only really tolerant man is the Catholic. He alone has the whole religious truth; others may have portions of it. Moreover, a Catholic not only *thinks* that he has the whole truth, but he is firmly *convinced* that he has, and he would gladly give his life to defend his conviction. He is ready to proclaim that the Catholic Church alone is the pillar and ground of revelation and the ark of salvation. This is a bold claim. The very boldness of it is, in a certain sense, a proof of its validity. No other religion does that. No other sect can do that, for no other sect makes even a pretense that it, and it alone, has the whole revealed truth as taught by Christ. And thereby all others implicitly admit that they may be in error. Hence, it is illogical for them to practice tolerance toward Catholics. Of course they don't look at it this way, but this is the way the Catholic can look at it.

Consequently, to speak of non-Catholics exercising "tolerance" is really a misnomer. The Catholic possessing and fully conscious of possessing revealed truth in its fullness, is the only one who can look on the erring sects and the members thereof and "bear" with them because of their errors.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

VICTOR LYONS

PASSING THE SIGN ALONG

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

My interest in your wonderful magazine has not lessened and this, my Jubilee year, sees me in a position to send my mite of five dollars toward renewing my subscription.

On April 10 I celebrated, or rather the community did, my Golden Jubilee of profession—fifty-two and a half years of plodding service as a "Servant of the Poor." This is the name given us by our sainted founder, St. Vincent de Paul.

I am deeply interested in the Missions and realize how very difficult it must be to maintain them during these troubled times. I lose no opportunity to speak of your magazine, *THE SIGN*, and feel that on several occasions I have been instrumental in introducing it into homes. A non-Catholic editor and a non-Catholic doctor read my copy with great avidity. It then goes to a hospital, "Camp Heil," where numbers of our seamen are invalided. I wish I could spread *THE SIGN*, especially among non-Catholics.

HALIFAX, N. S.

SISTER M. RODRIGUEZ

LICENSED PROSTITUTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I suggest that whoever answered the question on licensed prostitution in the November 1940 issue of your fine magazine acquaint himself with twentieth-century investigations of this subject—such as the reports published some years ago on white slavery, by the League of Nations, Fletcher's book on prostitution, issued by The Catholic Social Guild of Oxford, the bulletins of the British Society for Social and Moral Hygiene, etc., etc. I'm sure that if he did so he would never again defend the indefensible positions of Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas. It is now known that, far from limiting this evil, licensed brothels encourage it.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

G. M. M.

TUSKEGEE INSTALLS CATHOLIC CHAPEL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Well, Father, I am ready now to cease my labors, for Tuskegee Institute is now really complete with the glorious presence of the Catholic Church." The speaker was aged Dr. George W. Carver, the great Negro scientist who rose out of slavery to become the most distinguished member of his race in America. The occasion was the dedication of the new chapel of St. Joseph at the world-famed Tuskegee Institute, where leaders of the colored race are being developed. "Father" was the writer of this letter, the pastor of the new Tuskegee church.

The dedication of the chapel by the Most Rev. Thomas J. Toolen, D.D., Bishop of Mobile, marked a long step forward in the Negro Apostolate. Present at the ceremony were the Rt. Rev. Abbott Boniface of Cullman, a number of other prelates and priests, and representatives of Tuskegee Institute and of the U. S. Veterans Hospital.

The mission promises to have a unique place, for at Tuskegee are gathered together the leaders of the race in the educational, medical, and cultural fields. A Newman Club is functioning at the Institute which has

2000 students from all parts of the country and from foreign lands. The chapel is the only Catholic church for Negroes in Eastern Alabama, and its boundaries cover a radius of 50 miles.

Several converts have already been received into the church at Tuskegee and there is a large class of Negro adults ready for Baptism. By Christmas we hope to have a Baptismal font in the chapel, but we have no idea where it will come from. We hope to bring the story of Christmas to the people through the use of a Christmas Crib for Midnight Mass. The readers of *THE SIGN* are asked to beg God to continue to bless the mission at Tuskegee.

TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA. REV. LEO FARRAGHER, S.S.J.

ENJOYMENT FOR THE FAMILY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Although the circulation of your magazine in our family circle is none too conducive for an increase in the number of paid subscriptions, for the single subscription copy that we have goes through several hands, I would like you and your associates to know what a fine piece of Catholic journalism you produce and how much we all at home enjoy the monthly appearance of your paper.

Speaking for myself, I am not very good at writing one of those rave endorsements, but allow me to say in simple and sincere words that *THE SIGN* makes perfect reading, both in the way of religious and secular, instructive and entertaining matter. You know, I had for some time heard many nice things said about your magazine but, unfortunately for me at least, I had not had the good fortune to have seen a copy of your publication. And, then, luckily for all of us, my brother took out his (and the family's) first subscription.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOSEPH F. COUGHLIN

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

K.A.H., Arlington, Mass.; H.P.V.W., Buffalo, N.Y.; E.V., Lowell, Mass.; M.D.S., Baltimore, Md.; K.S., Roxbury, Mass.; B.C., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.J.L., Cambridge, Mass.; M.E.S., Jamaica, L.I.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Souls in Purgatory, H.D., Mattapan, Mass.; G.A.G., Yonkers, N.Y.; F.G., Glendale, L.I.; S.E.W., Eltingville, S.I.; St. Anthony, A.J., Bellmore, N.Y.; M.H., Scranton, Pa.; Blessed Mother, M.P.McG., Brighton, Mass.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, S.H., Youngstown, Ohio; M.W.R., Covington, Ky.; C.T.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Infant of Prague, M.D., Washington, D.C.; St. Gabriel, M.D., Jersey City, N.J.; M.C.McG., Charleroi, Pa.; T.D., Newark, N.J.; M.McG., Manchester, N.H.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.J.D., Elizabeth, N.J.; F.R., Canton, Ohio; M.I., Rochester, Minn.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Gabriel, M.McC., Bayonne, N.J.; Poor Souls, A.McC., Baltimore, Md.; L.K.F., Wilkesburg, Pa.; M.G., Mincola, N.Y.; M.C.L., Oswego, N.Y.; S.M.I., Chicago, Ill.; M.I.M., Garden City, N.Y.; M.M., Jackson Heights, L.I.; A.W., Whitesboro, N.Y.; M.McB., Omaha, Nebraska; Blessed Mother, H.D., Sumtic, S.C.; M.W., Troy, N.Y.; St. Theresa, M.M.C., San Francisco, Calif.; St.

CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH
THE EYES OF OTHERS

The Electric Eye

• SOME of the wonders of the electric eye are described by Harland Manchester in an interesting article in the "Atlantic":

A glance at the eye's known activities in industry is impressive enough. In sheet-steel plants it measures the long, moving strip for cutting, rhythmically orders the big shears to do their work. When an automatic process machine is clogged by material, the eye stops the machine and prevents expensive breakages and loss of time. Installed in the maw of a giant stamping machine, the eye protects the operator. If his hand blocks the little pencil of light, the jaws are suspended agape until it is safely withdrawn.

No human being or mechanical contrivance can count as fast as the electric eye, and this proficiency has led to many new uses. Consider, for instance, a forty-inch width of finished cloth several miles long which is zipping along between rollers. Sometimes in the best regulated of plants one side starts creeping up on the other. If the "skew" is not corrected immediately, ruined or inferior material results. Put a phototube over each edge of the cloth, with a light source beneath, and it will count the crosswise threads as they speed by, even if they go as fast as 10,000 threads a second. If the totals of the two counts begin to vary, the eye signals a mechanism which straightens the cloth instantly. Several mills have installed this device.

The fact that the eye will discriminate between color vibrations as well as between light and shade has made it invaluable to makers of paints, inks, and dyes. Mounted in a recording spectrometer, it will make a chart of any color sample, thus providing an easy means of standardization and comparison. In a simpler application, it will separate the brown eggs preferred by Bostonians from the white ones popular in New York, inspect oranges and throw out the green ones, or look at flour and determine its bran content. Brewers, makers of soft drinks, and oil refiners put the beam through a pipe where liquid is continuously flowing. A change in color, indicating a change in quality, is reported at once. . . .

Introduced at a time when labor-savings devices are multiplying rapidly, the electric eye is one of the most impressive of the lot. A big warehouse which used to employ a large force of girls to sort beans by hand now depends entirely upon the eye, which never misses a speckled bean or a pebble, and doesn't collect wages. It is stated that in counting and sorting operations alone the eye could replace several million workers, a possibility whose social and economic implications cannot be ignored.

Lucky Miss

• WRITING in the "American Magazine" on "How to Get Along in the Army," William G. McChesney relates the following:

It's not wise for a soldier to stick his neck out by asking unnecessary questions, I've discovered, but he should not be timid about asking those which do concern him.

During the recent maneuvers in northern New York, an infantry platoon was engaged in anti-aircraft practice, firing automatic rifles and machine guns at a cloth sleeve towed by a low-flying plane. When it was all over a rookie asked what the sleeve was for. "It was to shoot at, you goof," somebody told him.

"Oh, I didn't know that," he said, "and I didn't like to ask. I shot at the plane."

Fortunately, his marksmanship had not been up to his shyness.

Hedge Schoolmasters

• FROM an article on the "Hedge Schoolmasters of Ireland" by Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J., in the "Ireland American Review":

If I am fascinated by what they accomplished so many years ago in Ireland, it is because I am so familiar with what passes for education amongst us today. English visitors riding through Roscommon in 1812 reported contemptuously that they often saw a ditchful of scholars. Riding through New York six generations later they could admire many a splendid school full of natural-born ditch diggers. If they had asked the old-time Master whether he got eight or nine hundred pounds a year from the Government, he would have laughed at them gaily. "From the Government, faith! I'd have had a halter from them if they found me. 'Tis the people who pay me—a few potatoes, and a shilling when they have it." If they had asked him where he had been trained, would they find that he had studied in a famous Teachers' College where the professors themselves (like our own Mr. Dewey) did not believe in real education, or in a Normal school that would leave him with a head full of method for teaching things he didn't know anything about? No—he had come back in his rags to Ireland from Salamanca, and the University of Paris, had come back at the risk of transportation, to keep the fire of culture alight in those poor little huts—the object of hate and contempt to the ruling classes who gave him his name.

For, just as the pagans coined the name "Chris-

tian," and John Calvin first used the term "Jesuit," so the Landlord invented, with a sneer, the term "Hedgemaster." With the passage of time, however, all these epithets have taken on a spiritual dignity, like the gibbet that became the cross on our steeples—and now Hedgemaster suggests to us only a lovely picture of his little school. For it was mostly by the flowering thorn on the hillside that the master waited for his boys. Preferably he would pick the corner of a field where two hedges met, and the high ground gave a fair view of Government spies. There, with stones for desks, and shamrocks for carpet, and drifting Irish clouds overhead, he would teach them from his own prodigious memory and maybe a tattered book or two. A few little sticks and a piece of turf were kept burning close by, so that given the signal of danger they could destroy their poor scraps of paper and take to their heels. Yet, compare what they got for three shillings a quarter with the average result of a school system which costs taxpayers \$137.00 a year per child. When they got through they could write and they could figure—which is more than can be said for most of our high-school graduates. More than that, throughout the eighteenth century travelers were constantly amazed that stable boys knew their Ovid by heart, and Greek students wandered all through the wild mountains of Kerry.

Doing His Duty

• ACCORDING to the "Tablet" of London, the following was received by a War Charity. It is reproduced as received:

I write these few lines to you. To let you know that, I am a old aged supplementary pensioner, I have a nice Bungalow a big garden out in the country. So if you could get me a poor widow that has been bombed out and as no home I will take her to marry and it will be her own home then. So if you can get me one. Tell her I am a little fat man five feet 2 inches and about 13 stone 69 years of age on the 16th of December.

So I want a woman getting her Pension also if she is 65 years. I have a son in the Navy and a Grandson so their doing their duty and think I will be doing mine, if, I take a poor woman that has been bombed out of her home. So try and get me one that can cook and clean up. A English woman and a Protestant and a Labour voter so be sure and write back and let me know if I have done right in writing to you. Your address was in the paper about the Red Cross Fund. Do not put it in the papers for I do not want anybody to know till it is alover.

Walt Disney

• IN THE "Atlantic" Paul Hollister sketches the character and work of Walt Disney, the Pied Piper of Hollywood:

His first studio was in a corner of a garage. His gleaming newest cost two million dollars, covers several hundred thousand square feet, is as severely gay as a World's Fair model, as immaculate as a hospital,

and as functional as a research scientist's dream laboratory. Five years ago the little band of Disney faithful totaled 200 souls; today the payroll shows 1100. Until three years ago the studio had never made a long picture; today's schedule calls for three "features" and twenty-six "shorts" a year . . .

Armed with forty dollars, a suit, a sweater, and his drawing tools, Walt landed in Hollywood in August of 1923 to visit his brother Roy. Roy had a few more dollars of working capital, so the brothers, in a garage, made and photographed enough drawings to add up to a complete short film. Walt took it to the chief Los Angeles motion-picture theater for a trial projection. The house manager took some urging, but agreed to project it after hours. Disney went into the theater to watch a regular cartoon film on the bill. Instead, he suddenly saw his own baby projected on the screen. He leapt from his seat, scuttled down the aisle, and announced to the rather frightened audience that the film on the screen was his own. That was his first public showing of the Disney Production.

The Tutoring Racket

• WRITING of the "College Tutoring Racket" in the "American Mercury," Irving Burton makes some disclosures that may shock many readers:

When William Whiting ("The Widow") Nolen opened his Manter Hall Tutoring School just outside the Harvard Yard some fifty-four years ago, he could scarcely have dreamed that commercial tutoring at America's oldest university would become a \$200,000 a year industry . . .

Commercial tutoring schools have blossomed on every sizeable American campus. For a fee they offer to steer bewildered or lazy students safely through any college course. Supposedly they fill an urgent student need for guidance supplementary to course lectures and assigned reading. Actually they provide an easy means for monied lads to buy their way through college.

The situation reflects a condition fast growing cronic in American education. Cribbing, cramming, and trotting have become fixed if "sub rosa" practices at our colleges. Students have fallen into the habit of paying for plagiarized translations, prepared outlines of courses they rarely attend, and advance information on coming examinations. One blue morning near exam time, the student suddenly realizes that his knowledge of a certain course is to be tested in a few days. He phones a "cram parlor," learns the review date for that course, shows up at the right time with about fifteen others in the same fix, pays from \$15 to \$20, is put through a twelve-hour triple learning process of listening, writing and study, then takes the examination with a near certainty of passing and a fifty-fifty chance of pulling down an honor grade.

Cram parlors naturally pay best at the richer schools where students have more money to spend. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, the Eastern "Big Three," were pushovers for them. At Yale, "Rosie's" attracts most of the crammers. The rest chiefly attend the Elm City Tutoring School, run by a former Yale instructor who found the work more profitable than teaching.



WOMAN to WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

A Spiritual Outlook

WE ARE all aware that we are entering upon a troubled year, how troubled none can say. We also know that no matter how disturbed the material world may be, nothing is really lost if we can keep our spiritual outlook serene. Catholic mothers have a duty here, for our children are feeling these currents and only an inner serenity will help them. The important thing is that children should understand their Faith, not have rote knowledge only. Only a few people are true teachers. The rest of us must depend on those who are, and the best thing to do is to get books and read to children. There are plenty now for any age or any grade of intelligence. For instance, for older children there is Father Blakely's excellent book, *Then Jesus Said*. A teen-age boy or girl could understand it and it would, I may add, be the kind of book to give to grown persons who speak, as I heard a woman do recently of the "sweet little stories" in the New Testament. The letters of The New Testament spell TNT—a powerful explosive. And these parables are a powerful spiritual explosive.

Here, too, is a prayer mothers might teach their children. The old prayers are good and great, but sometimes repeated with no thought of the words. This one is spiritual dynamite from St. Francis of Assisi:

"Lord, make me an instrument of your peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy. Oh, Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled, as to console; be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

Teach that to your children, and then illustrate it by stories of examples from the New Testament, and from heroic stories of today.

Fact and Fiction

A PLAY appeared recently on the New York stage, based on certain incidents in the life of our Lord as a Boy of twelve. It was written by Maxwell Anderson and done with all the graceful and poetic phrasing for which he is so well known. It was excellently cast and staged. It failed after a run of a little more than a week. Why? Because it was a religious play? That would be the easy answer, but the true reason is surely not so simple as that.

The critics spoke of its beauty of theme but said it failed of its message. The play deals with the twelve-year-old Boy who learns in Jerusalem that He is the Messiah—learns it from Ishmael, bitter but unselfish leader of his people in rebellion. Little by little the Boy realizes what His work on earth is to be, and one is given to understand that His mother has kept this from Him. Later Ishmael dies saving the Boy from guards at the city gate—a boy of twelve was a marked figure in Herod's realm that year—and he dies willingly, knowing that his death will not matter, but the Child's death would. There is drama here, and there were competent actors, and a theme of holding interest. And it failed.

It seems to me it failed because you can't mix fact and fiction as this play did. There is no record of how our Lord knew or how He reacted to knowledge of the future. The first statement is His own grave little speech to His mother, and then we have no other until the day of the miracle at Cana, where once more a brief, grave remark was made. Evidently the men who wrote the Gospels felt they were putting down what was important to be known: the facts of His life, the words He spoke. That should be enough for history and for faith.

But romantic unbelievers who happen also to be gifted writers keep on tinkering with this topic. And tinkering is the right word for the process. They feel they must get this story straight for the world. And all the time there it is, right in print, in the best-selling book of them all, a careful and well-written story.

It does not help much that the author calls the Boy "Jeshua" either. For centuries his name has been Jesus to the world. Why bring in a variant at this late day?

The trouble is that it is not the real story nor the real drama. The author has taken not only a historical story of which the details are known and which he uses; he has also taken a story which has overtones of faith for the believing, and even for pagans a certain undertone of the supernatural which they deny. Then he fictionalizes a part and keeps some of the facts too. It can't be done.

One may take stories of the shepherds and the little lamb that turned white when it touched the Baby, or make up a tender tale about a lad who saw the star, or weave a tale of Christ with Ben Hur as leading figure. One may go higher and write a tale of Veronica or Mary Magdalene or Peter or even of our Lord's own mother. But when one embroiders that central theme, which is the story of our creation and our redemption and our future life, then one meets with trouble and with failure.



BOOKS



Oliver Wiswell

By KENNETH ROBERTS

In *Oliver Wiswell*, Kenneth Roberts tells the Loyalist side of the American Revolution. Once again the author gives the reading public a magnificent historical novel. The hero, as narrator, unfolds the story of his life and times. The son of a distinguished Massachusetts lawyer, trained at Yale for a professional career as a historian, he describes the civil war which rages between fellow Americans whose loyalty to England caused them to fight the Rebels who ambitioned freedom and independence. The scope of the action takes one to Boston, to Halifax, to New York, to England, to France, back to America and a scouting trip as a spy in the southern colonies. The book ends with the foundation of a Loyalist colony in the Province of New Brunswick, Canada.

The lot of the Loyalists is shown to be a sad one indeed. This group became the victim of British stupidity and of Rebel intolerance. Allegiance to a King whose political mentors so completely misunderstood the task at hand and so persistently refused to heed sage advice, and whose generals one after another failed to win complete victory when they had it within their grasp, brought sheerest desolation to hundreds of thousands whose political fealty had remained true to the mother country.

Kenneth Roberts evidences a strong sense of outraged historical truth in the telling of his story. He shatters the smug idealism of our War of Independence found in the average United States history textbook. His satire on the Declaration of Independence is as strong a piece of writing as can be found in any course on debate. Yet, while the integrity of the author cannot be questioned, nor the thoroughness of his research doubted, wars are not won by the mere stupidity of enemy

generals. And even though England had more than her share for the duration of one war—Howe, Gage, Gates, Clinton, Burgoyne, Cornwallis—the discredited rebels of the book, mostly pictured as “running away,” at least were skillful enough to run to a final complete victory.

Oliver Wiswell is an idealist, and the complexities of life and its disillusionments were naturally harder for him to bear. In creating the character of Tom Buell, Kenneth Roberts has given the reader a man of rare ingenuity and imagination, one whose sage remarks might well be digested by present day warmongers. Mrs. Belcher Byles is masterly drawn.

As mere reading, the 836 pages of *Oliver Wiswell* are thoroughly enjoyable. As a historical petard on which to hoist the untold tale of Tory loyalism, this book will foster debate and study. But as an argument against war, it is of immeasurable importance in these days when America finds itself on the brink of conflict. Many passages might well be put into pamphlet form to serve as points for meditation for citizens and rulers alike. Mr. Roberts tells an unusual, restrained, love story—sweet, beautiful, and charming. It is too bad that some of our novelists who write with such wholly unnecessary brutal frankness on sex do not copy his technique and leave filth where it belongs—in sewers.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$3.00

Hildreth

By HARLOW ESTES

In the tradition of light fiction is *Hildreth*, the Dodd, Mead \$10,000 Prize Novel by Harlow Estes. The scene is a Maine summer resort; the time, the present; the problem, the tangled lives of five people who have all failed to grow up emotionally. Although the title character, Hildreth Considine, a high-strung and domineering miss of nineteen, at-

tempts to manage the affairs of mother, aunt, friend, and four nephews, she fails to take the spotlight from a dead man. It is Drake Furnard, Hildreth's dead uncle, who is the most compelling figure in the book. Whether this is what the author intended is hard to say. However, there is nothing of the macabre to frighten the squeamish reader.

One cannot feel at any point in the story that Harlow Estes *likes* her characters, which is an unusual and questionable state of mind for an author. One might question the author, too, on other points of technique. Too frequently, characters burst into long monologues or give verbal expression to their mental processes. This may be useful in filling in the details of story or background, but it slows up the action considerably. In the novel (aside from the so-called “stream of consciousness” school) characters speak most effectively through their actions rather than in soliloquy.

This is Harlow Estes' first published work, and while it leaves much to be desired, one must give the author due credit for facility in phrasing, for intensity of feeling, and for the unquestioned variety of her characters.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50

Europe and the German Question

By F. W. FOERSTER

The author of this work is a German of Prussian descent who was imprisoned as early as 1895 for teaching that Germany, perverted by Prussian influence, was being false to her mission to Europe and the world. Later he taught in various universities but was finally driven into exile for his opinions. Needless to say, he is still in exile under the Nazis, whom he considers the natural flowering of the Prussian spirit.

The author lays at the door of Prussia responsibility for the pres-

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ent state of Europe. The vice of modern Germany is militarism, a deification of war and its supposed blessings, unqualified belief in force, and contempt for international law. Through Bismarck this Prussian spirit conquered the German people, took control of their destiny, and forced upon them an un-German policy. Germany, whose mission is and has been to unite East and West, Slav and Teuton, has instead been a disruptive force responsible for the chaos which today afflicts Europe and the world.

With irrefutable arguments the author saddles Germany with responsibility for the World War. Failure of the Germans to accept that responsibility and to change their course of action led to the rise of the Nazis whose principles are essentially Prussian. "Hitler," the author states, "is the most legitimate ruler Germany has ever had, a Kaiser who owes his crown to the most genuine popular vote. He is the spokesman of all the ideas held by the leading groups in Germany ever since 1850, indeed, since Goethe's death in 1832. He is the logical expression of a century's illusion to whose utmost consequence he has given shape, and which in National Socialism has donned the garb of primitive savagery and become the program of Germany's renewal."

This is an important book by a profound scholar. No one interested in the present world situation can afford to overlook it.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.50

Outlines of Religion for Catholic Youth

By REV. E. G. ROSENBERGER

The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in recent years has made heroic efforts to bring religious instruction to youth of high school age. The present volume contains the contribution of Hartford, Conn. to this cause. Father Rosenberger, a priest of that diocese, was deputed to draw up a course of instructions which would give uniformity and system to the presentation of Catholic truth and practice.

In the fulfillment of his task, the author has made available to Catholic teachers and instructors a book which, though in outline form, yet offers a wealth of source material.

His aim is to give not a mere syllabus of material that must be covered, but rather a source-book that will serve as a help for the priest or catechist in preparing instructions. In addition he strives to arrange the material so as to present the appearance of a chart or diagram of ideas which may serve as pegs upon which to hang the instructor's development of the subject.

The author has succeeded admirably well in the task he proposed to himself. He covers briefly but not jejune the entire sweep of Catholic belief and Catholic morality. The religious instructor, clerical or lay, will find in this book a distinct contribution toward fructifying and facilitating the Christ-like office of catechizing.

George Brady Press, New York. \$3.00

Sidelights on the Catholic Revival

By F. J. SHEED

For a publisher to offer us a reprint of his own personal reviews of publications that have issued from his own press during the past fifteen years, and, moreover, to do so as an indication of a current revival in Catholic literature and thought, might ordinarily puzzle us, as to whether we should decide for conceit or for simplicity in determining the source of the author's inspiration. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Sheed, instead of sounding his own trumpet (the imputation is his own), is in reality hiding his light under a bushel. This is apparent from the following considerations: first, these reviews designated as mere "sidelights"—but which are often enough "floodlights" in which the fact of the Catholic Revival stands out as bold and incontestable as the Manhattan skyline—are veritable gems of essay, containing a wealth of humor, incident, criticism, philosophy, and theology; secondly, the biographical notes at the end contain no mention of the author himself—an unpardonable oversight. Mr. Sheed, by his writings and by his work as a publisher, has played an important part in the Catholic Revival of which he writes so well.

This is a book for all who are interested in what is best in modern Catholic thought and writing in both England and America.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.25

Francis Cardinal Bourne

By ERNEST OLDMEADOW

The author presents us with a well-balanced study of a Prince of the Church, whose difficult task it was to guide Catholicism in England through a most trying period—the aftermath of the Oxford Movement and the Protestant reaction thereto. This first volume concludes with the year 1908. The remaining twenty-five years of the Cardinal's life will be the subject matter of a second volume.

In general, Cardinal Bourne's life was a "difficult, stormy, and thorny way." He was born in the year 1861. His father was a convert from Anglicanism; his mother, a saintly Irish Catholic. From her, Francis learned the lesson of unselfish devotion to duty, so much in evidence throughout his life. As priest, bishop, archbishop, and cardinal, Francis Bourne emulated the example given him by his mother. He has been called the "Quiet Cardinal."

Cardinal Bourne will be particularly remembered as the champion of Catholic education in England. For many years he defended and up-

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held the principle of the Catholic School System, the right of parents in the matter of education, and the sanity of having Catholic teachers for Catholic pupils. He advanced the diocesan seminary movement by leaps and bounds. He led the attack upon indecent literature and over-emphasis on sex, while at the same time he convinced his generation that the Catholic Church was no enemy of youth and Christian love. Another fundamental principle of his teachings was the importance of the family in society, and the necessity of maintaining its Christian basis.

Here is a life which we can ill afford to ignore today. Its readers will avidly await the appearance of the second volume.

Burns Oates & Washbourne Ltd., London, 16/

Essays and Verses

By RUSSELL WILBUR

The rugged realism and intolerance of insincerity which characterized Father Wilbur's prose should have passed over to his verse. It is disconcerting to see so highly individual an intelligence caught in the web of outworn poeticisms and yet managing to perform amazing feats of theological concentration.

In "Vindictory" he anticipated the reaction to his violence and verbal vulgarisms:

"Nor should the pious read me who
can't stand
That one should speak of objects of
their faith
As one does speak of things that
really are,
Frankly and with tart humor. Who
has sand
To face what is, and not an ideal
wraith,
I bid him join me. We two shall go
far."

The choice is the reader's. Some are going to find the verses of the late Father Wilbur singularly stimulating; others—and probably the majority—will cluck indulgently at the waggery of an exceedingly acute theologian.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.75

The West Wind of Love

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

This is the third in a series of novels by Compton Mackenzie. The

volumes, *The East Wind*, *The South Wind*, and now *The West Wind*, are integrated, yet distinct. Compton Mackenzie's personal knowledge of England, Ireland, and Italy provides a pulsating background for his authentic characterizations.

The central characters in this book are Athene Langridge and John Ogilvie, who are married after the death of the former's husband. This may sound like an obvious theme, but the author has woven around it a highly colored pattern.

Mr. Mackenzie has again shown the high qualities of his literary talent. His powers of description and his psychological insight have not lessened.

Not the least interesting aspect of *The West Wind of Love* is the author's penetrating political observations. The World War, which is worked into the novel, provides an opportunity for commentary on international politics and economics that could hardly be more timely. Imperialism, Prussianism, Capitalism are grist for the Mackenzie mill.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.75

Our Lady of Wisdom

By MAURICE ZUNDEL

Benedictinism, which is primarily a flowering of liturgical awareness, pulses through the curiously antiphonal cadences of this Swiss Benedictine. He confesses that one commentary on the angel's message to St. Joseph was "irresistibly suggested by the melody in the Vatican edition." Chapter III, "Holy Silence," is that rarity, a sustained poem in prose. But the author is concerned only incidentally with rhythmic phrase. Definition and distinction, compact logic and scriptural cement assure solidity.

His purpose is best stated personally. "How indeed could we do justice to her admirable title, 'Seat of Wisdom,' save by showing Jesus in Mary, in the ordination of her whole virginal being to the Word which is the life and the light of men?" (Prologue, xii)

In this discussion of Our Lady's virginal marriage to St. Joseph, the author expresses the hope "that an ever wider recourse to the sources of the mystical life will direct Christian feeling ever more closely to the ideal represented at its highest by the marriage of Mary and Joseph," and

The author of *Luther and His Work* presents

POPE INNOCENT III AND HIS TIMES

By Joseph Clayton

Branded by many historians as an autocrat and an ambitious tyrant who looked only to his own glorification, Pope Innocent III is here presented as the great statesman he really was. Here at last is the real portrait of this Crusader Pope painted by a master artist in true colors.

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cites "marriages in which husband and wife limit their relations strictly to what life itself requires for its continuation" (pp. 9-10). While true for the exceptional couple (if the motive is Charity) and verified in the lives of some married saints, it must be remembered that Matrimony is a Sacrament, a channel of grace.

Sheed & Ward, New York, \$1.50

Redemption

The Life of Saint Mary Euphrasia Pelletier
By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

Canonized on May 2, 1940, in company with Blessed Gemma Galgani, was the foundress of the Good Shepherd Order, Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier. The present volume's 400 odd pages offer an attractive account of this saintly woman's life, from her birth in 1796 to her death in 1868.

Rose Virginia Pelletier, much against the wishes of her uncle and guardian, became a nun when she was nineteen years old, in a convent founded in Tours by St. John Eudes

for the reclamation of fallen girls and women. Two years later she was professed and appointed Mistress of the Penitents, and by the time she was twenty-nine she had been elected Superior.

Equipped with a business and administrative sense possessed by few women, Mother Pelletier lived to see the work of her convent at Tours duplicated in countries all over the world. In the face of hardships and misunderstandings, she had the courage to break away from the original plan of St. John Eudes and establish a central motherhouse which would look after the interests of all its daughter houses and maintain a central novitiate.

Redemption is a heroic and inspiring tale—the tale of a French girl who wanted to help her sinful sisters in the world to know and love God. That she was all but disowned by her relatives for her action did not matter. Before she died, Rose Virginia knew that her fifty-three years in the cloister had not been in vain. Her Houses of the Good Shepherd were not only caring for thousands of penitents; they were offering a haven to children from broken homes, and, among the Magdalens, a chance for penitents to enter the religious life.

Miss Powers writes of Mother Pelletier with a touching warmth and simplicity. In our own land, where there are 56 Houses of the Order engaged in caring for penitent girls and women, this intelligent biography of the Mother Foundress should achieve a wide following.

Good Shepherd Press, Mantle, P. I. \$4.00
(Copies may be ordered from *The Sign*,
Union City, N. J.)

SHORTER NOTES

BEYOND GERMAN VICTORY

By HELEN HILL AND HERBERT AGAR

The authors describe what the consequences to the United States would be in case of a German victory over Britain. The description does not make pleasant reading. The writers conclude that the United States can follow one of three courses: follow the well-worn path of appeasement; meet Germany piecemeal on successive grounds of her own choosing; or adopt the offensive in over-all policy and in military strategy. The authors opt in favor of the last-mentioned course and argue that the time to do it is now, as we are now

comparatively stronger than we shall be later. It is an exposition of the reasons why the authors believe that the United States should again take up arms in a European war.

Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. \$1.00

MOSCOW 1979

By ERIK R. and CHRISTINE VON KUEHNELT LEDDIHN

Daring and highly imaginative is this fictional picture of life in Communist Russia a few decades hence. So like nightmares are some of the descriptive passages of weird brutality in this exceptional novel that it is decidedly not reading matter for the young.

It is strongly recommended for adults who are able to face the tale of a country which has banished God. We should rather say "attempted" to banish Him. For in the soul of the hero Ulyan, ex-American and one time apostate, are wrought those amazing miracles of grace which are limited by neither time nor place.

It is a jolt to realize that many of the freakish experiments and unpleasant scenes of this intensely interesting story are not far removed from the bitter facts of today's mad world.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.75

FIFTH COLUMN IN AMERICA

By HAROLD LAVINE

This supposed study of dangers to American Democracy is concerned not so much with the under-cover work of Communists and Nazis as with home-bred movements within the fabric of American life—movements which are likely to flourish in times of national disturbance. The Christian Front, the Christian Mobilizers, the Knights of the White Camellia, and such personalities as Father Coughlin, General Mosely, Mr. Pelley, and Joseph E. McWilliams bear the brunt of the author's attack, with special emphasis on Father Coughlin and his followers. These are the Fifth Columnists. It seems to be the author's assumption, therefore, that anti-Semitism is synonymous with anti-Americanism. It is thus an effort to bring the Jews under the protecting arms of true Americanism by making their cause America's cause. The argument is not convincing. Written from a biased angle, it is full of caustic twaddle aimed at true-blooded Americans. It is the reviewer's opinion that

works of this nature do great harm to a better understanding between Jew and Gentile.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$2.50

JESUS AS MEN SAW HIM

By MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J.

In this book, that always attractive and enlightening study—the Christ of the Gospels—is treated in an attractive and enlightening way by the gifted pen of Father Scott. The author brings to his subject the same clearness of perception and simplicity of style that characterize his apologetical works, and the effect is a singularly happy one.

Dogma has little or no place in this discussion. Christ is seen not through the eyes of the speculative scholar, but as He was seen by the wedding couple at Cana, and by the centurion at Capharnaum, and by the widow at Naim.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$2.00

THAT BOY!

A Story of St. Gabriel, C.P.

By BROTHER ERNEST, C.S.C.

We are delighted to recommend this new life of St. Gabriel by Brother Ernest, C.S.C. The appealing story of the transformation of the worldly young Francis Possenti into St. Gabriel of the Mother of Sorrows, makes interesting and edifying reading. It is well written and adapted to boys and girls of high school age.

Duquarie Press, Notre Dame, Ind. \$1.50

A HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN CATHOLIC SOCIETIES

By EUGENE F. WILLING and DOROTHY E. LYNN

The compilers of this handbook provide a complete directory of Catholic societies in the United States that are national or regional in scope. Their history, organization, publications, and library collections are to be found herein. The information pertaining to each society has been procured from its publications or from an official of the society. This handbook fills a distinct need.

*Catholic Library Association, Box 346,
Scranton, Pa. \$3.55*

MARY IN HER SCAPULAR PROMISE

By JOHN MATHIAS HAPPERT

When the reader reaches the halfway mark in this book, he is blessed with a distraction—an uneasiness to make certain of his valid enrollment in the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. And when he comes

to the end of the book, he knows that he is not finished with it. For the author treats his subject so clearly that the skeptic must be convinced and the good Catholic amazed at Mary's Scapular Promise. The writer discusses the Promise made by Mary concerning the Scapular. He investigates its origin, meaning, historicity, and infallibility. He describes the extension of this Promise into Purgatory and its enrichment by the Church with indulgences. Finally, he plunges into the depths of Theology to consider this Promise from the angels of Redemption and Grace. The author writes convincingly and to the point.

The Scapular Press, San Isidro City, N. J. \$2.50

HOW TO BE AN ARMY OFFICER

By WILLIAM H. BAUMER, JR.

In an interesting manner, Capt. Baumer points out the various paths which lead to a commission in Uncle Sam's Regular Army. By no means is West Point the only approach; there is likewise the Reserve Officers Corps, the Flying Cadet Corps, and the R.O.T.C. However, as the United States Military Academy is the professional school and the normal approach for an Army career, this is considered more at length. Thus, the requirements for West Point are set forth—incidentally, the educational are fully given in an appendix—and the method to follow in getting one's appointment to the Academy. In this respect the book will be invaluable for the prospective West Point Cadet. The sketch of a Cadet's life is most interesting and will prove to be a source of inspiration for many a young reader.

Rob't M. McBride & Co., New York. \$1.75

THE POPE SPEAKS

By CHARLES RANKIN

In this volume Mr. Rankin has gathered together all the addresses made by Pope Pius XII, either oral

or written, of a public or quasi-public nature, since his assumption of the Chair of Peter down to September 4, 1940. These addresses reveal the mind of the Vicar of Christ, and because of this they merit most respectful attention, not only from Catholics but from all men of good will. The Holy Father is the supreme spiritual authority in the world. His addresses are concerned primarily with the re-establishment of peace on the Gospel foundation of justice and charity between nations and men. On his five principles of peace announced last Christmas Eve will depend the future peace of the world. Making the Pope's words available in one volume is a laudable thing. It provides a handy compilation for ready reference. Unfortunately, it lacks an index, which would have facilitated the use of the book.

A short biography of the Pope precedes the list of addresses, and there is a detailed account of his peace activities.

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Jesus Goes With His Apostles to the Garden

JESUS was wont, after laboring all day for the salvation of souls, to retire by night to pray in a garden near Mount Olivet. This devout custom He adheres to even to the time of His last night on earth. In a garden—that is, in the earthly Paradise—Adam sinned and brought ruin on the whole world; in a garden, likewise, namely Gethsemani, the Saviour enters upon His Passion and works out the salvation of the world. In a few hours He will return by the same route in chains, dragged forward by His enemies. As usual, He takes with Him His Apostles, thereby teaching them and us not to omit the practice of prayer, and especially in times of adversity to find in it rest for our mind and strength for our soul.

How just and reasonable, my good Jesus, is Thy example! I do not allow a day to pass without nourishing my body. How much more should I not act in this manner with regard to my soul and feed it daily with holy meditation and prayer! Yet, how I neglect prayer! I find time for idle talk, vain and useless pastime to gratify my curiosity or my taste; but for prayer I can find no leisure nor inclination. Consequently, I am weak and frail when I meet with temptations, adversities, or occasions of sin—because I do not value prayer, and even neglect it at times from indolence.

My Jesus, my Saviour, who now givest me light to realize the necessity of prayer, give me also, I beg of Thee, the spirit of prayer, that I may pray in a manner pleasing to Thee and profitable to myself. Give me a strong faith to realize Thee more and more; a loving faith to appreciate Thee; a trusting faith to turn to Thee in every want and every sorrow—through the merits of Thy bitter Agony and prayer in the Garden of Gethsemani.

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All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League, should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY

For the Month of December 1940

Masses said	
Masses heard	25,157
Holy Communions	36,223
Visits to B. Sacrament	56,575
Spiritual Communions	49,160
Benediction Services	10,559
Sacrifices, Sufferings	40,471
Stations of the Cross	14,006
Visits to the Crucifix	23,279
Beads of the Five Wounds	24,800
Offerings of PP. Blood	65,773
Visits to Our Lady	31,614
Rosaries	15,717
Beads of the Seven Dolors	5,163
Ejaculatory Prayers	813,027
Hours of Study, Reading	16,204
Hours of Labor	32,231
Acts of Kindness, Charity	21,219
Acts of Zeal	21,219
Prayers, Devotions	215,984
Hours of Silence	53,339
Various Works	42,233

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccles. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

Rev. Edward C. Mitchell
Rev. Thomas O'Keeffe
Mother M. Gertrude, O.S.B.
Sr. Marie Estelle
Sr. M. Aimee (Parrish)
Sr. Mary Macrina (Rineheart)
Sr. Mary Judith, O.S.F.
Sr. Mary Patrice (O'Connor)
Eleanor Manthe
Catherine Boyle
Mary T. Haggerty
Mrs. Martin C. Judge
Edward H. Ford
E. Vincent Wareing
Theodore F. McManus
Patrick Boyle, M.D.
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Mary E. Glock
Marion H. Morris
Rinaldo Cinnella
Elizabeth Krings
James J. Scullion
Anne Tierney
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Timothy Eccles
Mrs. Murray
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Dr. Wm. M. Gerst
Katherine G. Kilwan
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Michael J. Foley
Catherine Ring
Walter J. Croker
Gus Gerald
Magdalen Bartoldus
Margaret McNally
Mary L. Megowan
Albert T. Engelhardt

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.



Personal MENTION



Senator David I. Walsh

sible public offices, gives his words a peculiar and great importance. His present article, *Our National Defense Needs*, is a thoughtful, serious discussion well calculated to calm down the semi-hysterical war scare prevalent today.

Born in Leominster, the Senator now makes his home in Clinton, Massachusetts. Holy Cross College proudly claims him as an alumnus. Admitted to the bar in 1897, he became a member of the State Legislature two years later. Successively he served as Lieutenant Governor, Governor, and since 1917 has served his State with distinction in the United States Senate. A great American and an outstanding Catholic layman, Senator Walsh has carved an enviable niche for himself.

• DENIS GWYNN has been a contributor to the pages of *THE SIGN* for many years. Special correspondent, editor, and author, his life has been a full one. Among his books are *A Hundred Years of Catholic Emancipation*, *The Catholic Reaction in France*, biographies of Daniel O'Connell and Cardinal Wiseman. His latest book is *The Vatican and War in Europe*, a timely and valuable book written with great care and accuracy.

THE SIGN is fortunate in having

• SENATOR DAVID I. WALSH, senior Senator from Massachusetts, is in an excellent position to judge the extent of our national preparedness. As Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee in the Senate, he is in a key position. Because of his official position, he has access to sources and authorities that are beyond the reach of the man in the street. This, coupled with the prudence and sense of balance garnered from his many years in respon-

direct word from Dr. Gwynn about the bombings in England. He has a new sidelight that should prove of utmost importance to all Catholics.

• WILLIAM P. CARNEY is an outstanding New York journalist. He spent seven years as foreign correspondent for the *New York Times* and came into international prominence for his accurate and truthful reporting of the events of the recent Spanish War. Any article on foreign affairs from the pen of this gifted writer is bound to be a worthwhile addition to our news of events happening abroad. In his present study, *Light on Spain*, Mr. Carney brings to the readers of *THE SIGN* a fresh and interesting view of the European scene.

• EDWARD F. BARRETT, JR., at present on the historical faculty of Canisius College, makes his first appearance to *THE SIGN* readers. A native of Hazleton, Pa., he studied at Canisius High School and Canisius College and emerged with a B.A. and an M.A. His article "*Salazar and the Church*" is the result of a trip which he made through Spain and Portugal last summer.

• BRASSIL FITZGERALD is well known to readers of *THE SIGN*. His name above a short story is always a guarantee of a peppy, up-to-the-minute tale. *Babes in the Hollywood*, which appears in this issue, is a fine example of his style.

• REV. JOSEPH F. THORNING, Ph.D., S.T.D., foreign correspondent of the N.C.W.C. and author of many books, has gained an enviable name in journalism. His article, *Inside Washington*, gives an interesting view of the progress of the national defense program.



Edward F. Barrett, Jr.



Denis Gwynn



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of the Passionist Fathers



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and how sincerely the missionaries
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